



NEW

M A S S E S

**MAY
1932**

15c

TOM MOONEY

Greets New Masses on MAY DAY

California State Prison
San Quentin, Cal.

My whole-hearted greetings to the readers of the *New Masses* on May first—the historic day which belongs to the militant and revolutionary workers of the whole world.

On this day workers in the United States and in the U.S.S.R. will be pouring out on the streets to demonstrate: In the United States, against unemployment, wage cuts, starvation, and for the defense of their comrades who have fallen in the struggle. In the U.S.S.R., they will celebrate their glorious achievement—the carrying out of the Five Year Plan in four years.

This is a most significant May Day—we stand on the threshold of world-shaking events. We find imperialism unleashing its war-dogs, already wading through the blood of the slaughtered workers and peasants of China and Manchuria, rushing headlong into another world holocaust. We find the Fascist octopus reaching out its innumerable tentacles to seize and strangle the militant workers, and we find the workers all over the world compelled to heroically fight for their very existence, against great odds.

Today in the United States the workers must mobilize their forces, to fight not for the right to live, but for the release of those militant workers who are rotting their lives away behind the bars because of their loyalty and devotion to labor. The workers must not allow the illegal lynching of the Scottsboro boys! They must defend the embattled Kentucky miners! They must continue to fight relentlessly for my unconditional pardon, and for all political prisoners!

This is the 16th May Day that I have spent behind these grim walls. Sometimes things look black, but I have never lost faith in the great masses of workers, I realize that it is only the darkness before the dawn. I am eagerly looking forward to the daylight, to seeing the sunshine of a better day for the world's toiling masses; when the workers and farmers of the world shall be freed from bondage and when those who are now felons in capitalist dungeons shall be released to take their places among their comrades, to fight shoulder to shoulder with them for the final triumph of the producers over the exploiters!

TOM MOONEY—31931

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Editorial Board: WHITTAKER CHAMBERS, ROBERT EVANS, HUGO GELLERT, MICHAEL GOLD, LOUIS LOZOWICK, M. OLGIN

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FRANCES STRAUSS, *Business Manager*

CONTRIBUTORS:—Phil Bard, Emjo Basshe, Jacob Burck, Whittaker Chambers, Robert Cruden, Jack Conroy, Adolph Dehn, Robert Dunn, John Dos Passos, Kenneth Fearing, Ed Falkowski, Hugo Gellert, Eugene Gordon, Horace Gregory, William Gropper, Charles Yale Harrison, William Hernandez, Langston Hughes, Joseph Kalar, I. Klein, Melvin P. Levy, Louis Lozowick, H. H. Lewis, Norman Macleod, A. B. Magil, Scott Nearing, Myra Page, Harry Allan Potamkin, Paul Peters, Walter Quirt, Louis Ribak, Anna Rochester, E. Merrill Root, James Rorty, Martin Russak, Esther Shemitz, William Siegel, Upton Sinclair, Agnes Smiedley, Otto Soglow, Herman Spector, Bennett Stevens, Joseph Vogel, Mary H. Vorse, Keene Wallis, Jim Waters, Art Young.
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TO ALL INTELLECTUALS

Faced with the imminence of war, confusion reigns among the intellectuals. But war is here, or to speak more exactly, the conflict which has raged in some form, on some front, without a year's intermission since 1914, is culminating in its final, most brutal, and most deliberate stage as a concerted onslaught of the imperialist powers against the Soviet Union. Japan has struck the first blow at Shanghai and in Manchuria, and is patently and hourly preparing the second. It is only a question of time until all the imperialist powers mobilize their man power and hurl its bleeding masses in a rain of steel across the frontiers, to destroy the first Socialist Republic.

In this situation what are the intellectuals to do?

We know that the intellectuals themselves are asking this question the most insistently. Not all of them. There are many who will jump at the chance to become penny-a-year jingoists for a government of dollar-a-year capitalists who despise them. But there is also a group of sincere, if bewildered, intellectuals, of the type of Romain Rolland in the 1914 period, who earnestly raise the question, to themselves and others: "What then shall we do?"

They sense, without always knowing precisely why, the futility of conscientious objection in the last war. They remember that the conscientious objectors were strung up by their thumbs from the cell walls of Leavenworth and buried so successfully in the dungeons of Atlanta that no example which they might have constituted, and no word of their heroism or their plight could reach the outside world until after their incarceration. They feel, what is true, that the individual intellectual, like the individual worker, is helpless in the face of the mobilized capitalist state.

And they realize, however imperfectly, that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics represents the advance guard, the hope of human progress and civilization, that the execution by the imperialist coalition would set back hu-

man culture for an incalculable period. And they desire, the most advanced of them, to employ their minds as weapons in the fight to save the Soviet Union from its reactionary enemies.

But they do not know how to do so.

Therefore, the Editors of *New Masses* have chosen May Day, as the most striking occasion, to appeal to the John Reed Clubs of the United States to take the lead in organizing Anti-Imperialist War Councils of the intellectuals, to rally the writers and artists, the scientists and students to fight the war against the Soviet Union and the Chinese Soviets, to give them a sense of organizational solidarity in the face of governmental oppression, to make clear to them the basic issues involved and the growing imminence of the carnage. Especially we call upon the John Reed Club of New York to take the initiative in working out the proper

organizational plans for all the clubs. It is late to begin, but even in time of war it is not too late to organize against war.

And, at the same time, we say to the intellectuals themselves: "Friends, by virtue of your status as intellectuals, you are either pioneers and builders of civilization, or you are nothing. You will either aid in moulding history, or history will mould you, and in case of the latter, you can rest assured that you will be indescribably crushed and maimed in the process. And the end will be total destruction. History is not a blind goddess, and does not pardon the blindness of others. In history, defeat is the penalty of blindness or apathy—and sometimes annihilation. If you have not yet that faith in the masses which the revolutionary intellectuals have acquired in the course of the day to day struggle at their side, and an understanding of their historical tasks, at least have faith in yourselves. Either you will accept the fact that the war is upon you, and organize to delay and struggle against it, or it will destroy you. The issue is exceedingly clear, and there are but two alternatives.

THE EDITORS.



William Gropper



William Gropper

DOCUMENTS OF THE EPOCH

To heighten the contrast presented by May Day in America, in the grip and gloom of the international crisis, and May Day in the Soviet Union, in the full swing of Socialist construction, the Editors of *New Masses* quote the following excerpts.

We quote them, too, for their expression of the leadership which makes possible the achievements of the Five Year Plan, for the interest which attaches to the sympathy of a distinguished American writer, Upton Sinclair, but above all, because in the documents of challenge between the workers of the Putilov and the Stalingrad tractor factories is heard the voice of the Russian masses, is contained the raw material of the proletarian literature of our time.

* * *

"The fifty thousand tractors that you must give the country every year are fifty thousand projectiles that blow up the old bourgeois world and pave the way to the new Socialist order in the countryside."

(Joseph Stalin. *Greetings to the workers of the Stalingrad Tractor Works on the day of its opening.*)

* * *

The Stalingrad Tractor Works was lagging behind. The production programme was not being carried out to the full. The workers did not find it easy to cope with the new mode of production, hitherto unknown in Russia, it was not easy for them at first to grasp the new complicated technique.

The Moscow *Pravda* sounded the alarm. This is what it said in an article devoted to the situation in the new Stalingrad Works:

"In January, instead of 1,000 tractors the works produced 750. In February, even less than that. In March—a further decrease. In the first three months the output of the Stalingrad Works was 2,000 tractors short. On an average, the works turns out only 23 tractors a day.

Very slow progress is made with the proper use of the equipment—our main task at present. Hundreds of benches stand idle every day owing to mishaps." (*Pravda*, April 1931.)

* * *

"In their press they mercilessly expose their own failures and inadequacies, and tell frightful stories about the incompetence and mismanagement of this or that factory. These stories are then taken up by the correspondents of capitalist newspapers in Riga and Warsaw, and cabled to the entire world. They are printed in the "white" Russian newspapers of Berlin and Paris, and so comrade Kautsky has unquestionable Bolshevik authority for his pictures of the failure of, for example, the Stalingrad Tractor Works.

"Now their enemies (the enemies of the Bolsheviks) throughout the world speak gladly about the Stalingrad Tractor Works." (*Upton Sinclair*, August 13, 1931.)

* * *

"Translated into Russian, Stalingrad means Stalin's city. Stalin means a man with a will of steel. But even a will of steel cannot be of any assistance where objective conditions for contemporary industry have not been created." (*Vorwaerts*, Social Democratic organ, middle of 1931.)

* * *

"Dear Comrades! We read a few days ago in *Pravda* how work is getting on in your works, and how you are getting on with the carrying out of the programme. This was the cause of considerable alarm and anxiety among our workers. Our public organizations, the Party organization, the works committee and our factory newspapers roused all the workers. Comrades, there was every reason for alarm and anxiety, considering that the tempo of your work does not contribute to a rapid development of socialist construction, to the growth of industry and agriculture. Hundreds of tractors which should have been, but have not been, delivered to the Soviet and collective farms, constant breakage of benches and machinery owing to clumsy and careless treatment—this is what we learned from *Pravda* about the Stalingrad Tractor Works.

How do we, Putilov workers carry out the programme? In the first quarter, the quarter of reorganization, we turned out 30 to 40 tractors a day. Now, when we are already reorganized, we turn out an average of 60 tractors in 24 hours.

We therefore think that we have the right to demand of you the same work that we are demanding of ourselves.

Djerzhinsky* Metal Workers! Manual, administrative and technical workers of the Stalingrad Tractor Works! We call you into the foremost ranks of the Socialist shock brigades. Do make an effort! Gain a victory for the tractor works! Shock brigades, imbue every worker with the spirit of socialist competition! Rouse the laggards!"

(From the letter of the Red Putilov Workers to the workers the Stalingrad Tractor Works, April, 1931).

* The Stalingrad Metal Works bears the name of our late comrade, Felix Djerzhinsky.

* * *

"To hear these reproaches is hard on us. Everything was correct: That we are not carrying out the programme, that there was no proper system in the departments, and also that we did not fight industrial shortcomings with sufficient energy. What were we to do? Were we to answer you by making promises? But would promises alone have satisfied you and allayed your anxieties? We resolved to let our answer be: tractors!

Comrade Stalin's clear and succinct directions how to control work and to work in the new manner, in new conditions, became our programme in the struggle for tractors.

We started a ruthless campaign against slackers in our own midst. Our young organization was being steeled for hard work in the fight for tractors. Old factory workers, sent us from Leningrad, Moscow, Baku and Dniepropetrovsk factories, taught the youth who had come into the ranks of the proletariat from the villages of Portianovka, Sabachnia, Zhurkovka and others, proletarian discipline and ability to work for themselves and their class. They taught the youth to love their machines and treat them with the greatest care, for these machines are ours, they belong to the proletarian state.

The shock brigades marched in front, paving the way to the organization, and shock brigaders set the example for Bolshevik work and tempo. The "Djerzhinsky" workers learned how to work from the farrier of the Dniepropetrovsk works, Platon Moskovchenko, a Communist.

Red Putilov comrades, since the receipt of your letter there have been many changes here. We have liquidated the break, and are carrying out the programme. But there is a long path still before us. We must make our works produce at its full capacity, we must take off the conveyor up to 144 machines a day."

(Reply of the Djerzhinsky, (Stalingrad) workers to the Red Putilov workers. October, 1931).

* * *

"The works that formerly employed 1,500 men now stand idle, no signs of life there, except firemen who march up and down. Six large buildings that two years ago were humming like a beehive, now stand empty, the machines that turned out "clay tracks" have been carted away, nothing doing now. Our employer, Harry Harvester, has gone bankrupt, and is hopelessly struggling in the clutches of his creditors."

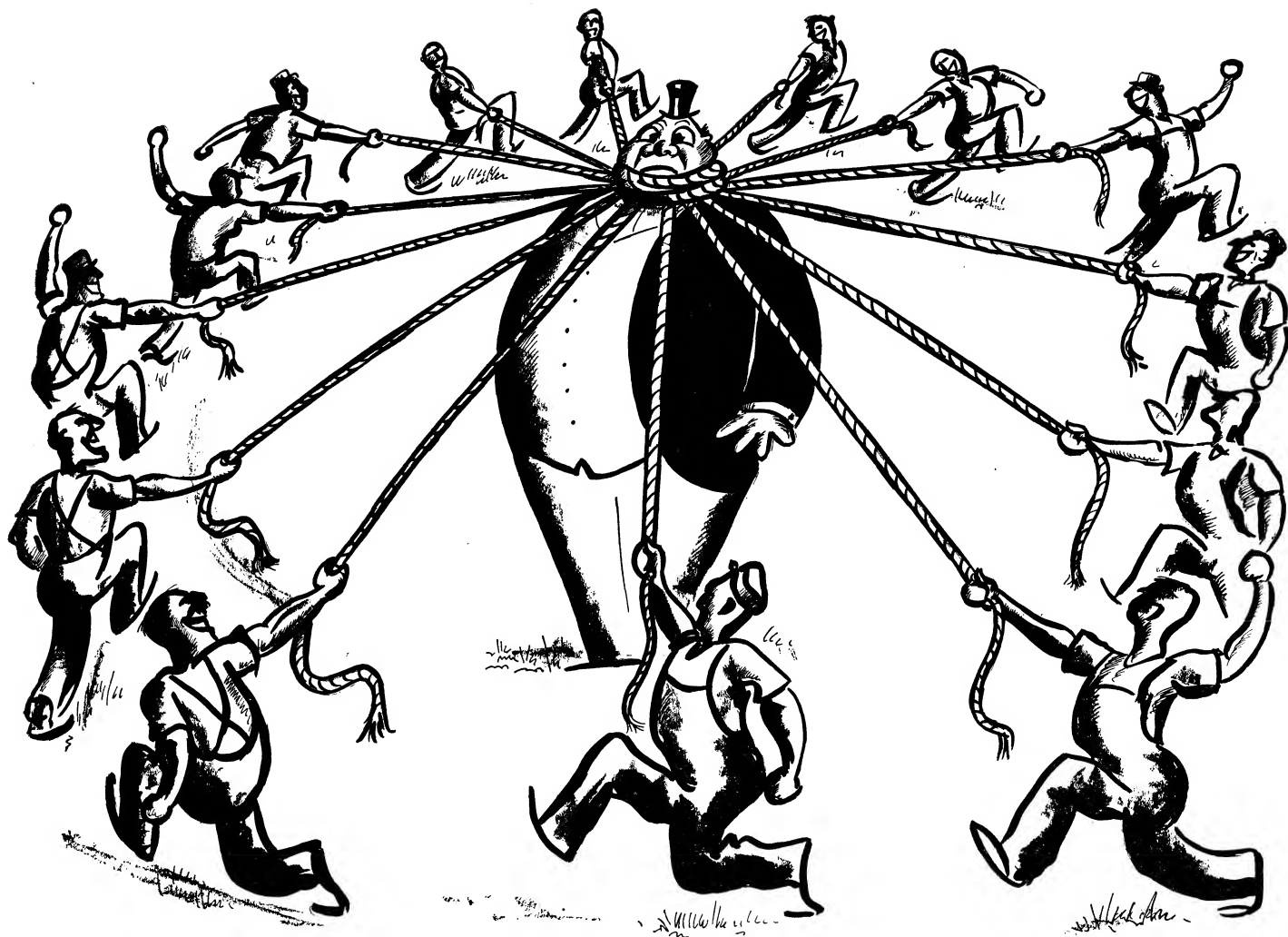
(From a letter signed by four American workers in Stockton, U.S.A., 1931.)

* * *

The Output of Tractors

| | Stalingrad Tractor Works | Red Putilov Works |
|----------------|--------------------------|-------------------|
| April | 806 | 1,906 |
| June | 1,509 | 2,028 |
| October | 2,330 | 2,350 |
| December | 4,080 | 2,488 |

One hundred tractors were taken off the conveyor today in the Stalingrad Tractor Works.



THE MAY DAY POLE

Otto Soglow

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

A Plea against Suicide Addressed to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., J. P. Morgan, Henry Ford, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and other Masters of Capital.

Gentlemen,

The confidence, the morale of the public at large has been profoundly shaken by the ill-timed suicide of Mr. Ivar Kreuger, lately the head of a financial and industrial cartel valued at \$1,350,000,000. A long succession of suicides on the part of divers captains and lieutenants of industry throughout the world, preceding and immediately following that of Mr. Kreuger, has further augmented the dismay and consternation of our people. Hearing of these funereal events, many are led to believe that the early downfall of capitalism is foreshadowed, that they are witnessing the approaching end of a social order. Now all true believers in rugged individuals are silent and ashamed, in fear of the power of suggestion. And at the same time the enemies of our hitherto happy social system openly rejoice!

Gentlemen, if many more of our big industrialists and financiers commit *hari-kari*, who will be left to run the country? Communists? College professors?

Gentlemen, at this exceedingly grave moment in our history, when the values of all permanent things seem illusory, when profits almost vanish, and the tide of adversity seems resistless, when all classes, races, and nations know themselves imperiled, so that even the stoutest hearts quail and minds of steel are at point of breaking—at this trying moment I call upon you earnestly and solemnly, in the name of humanity itself, to be steadfast, to show the quality of your courage.

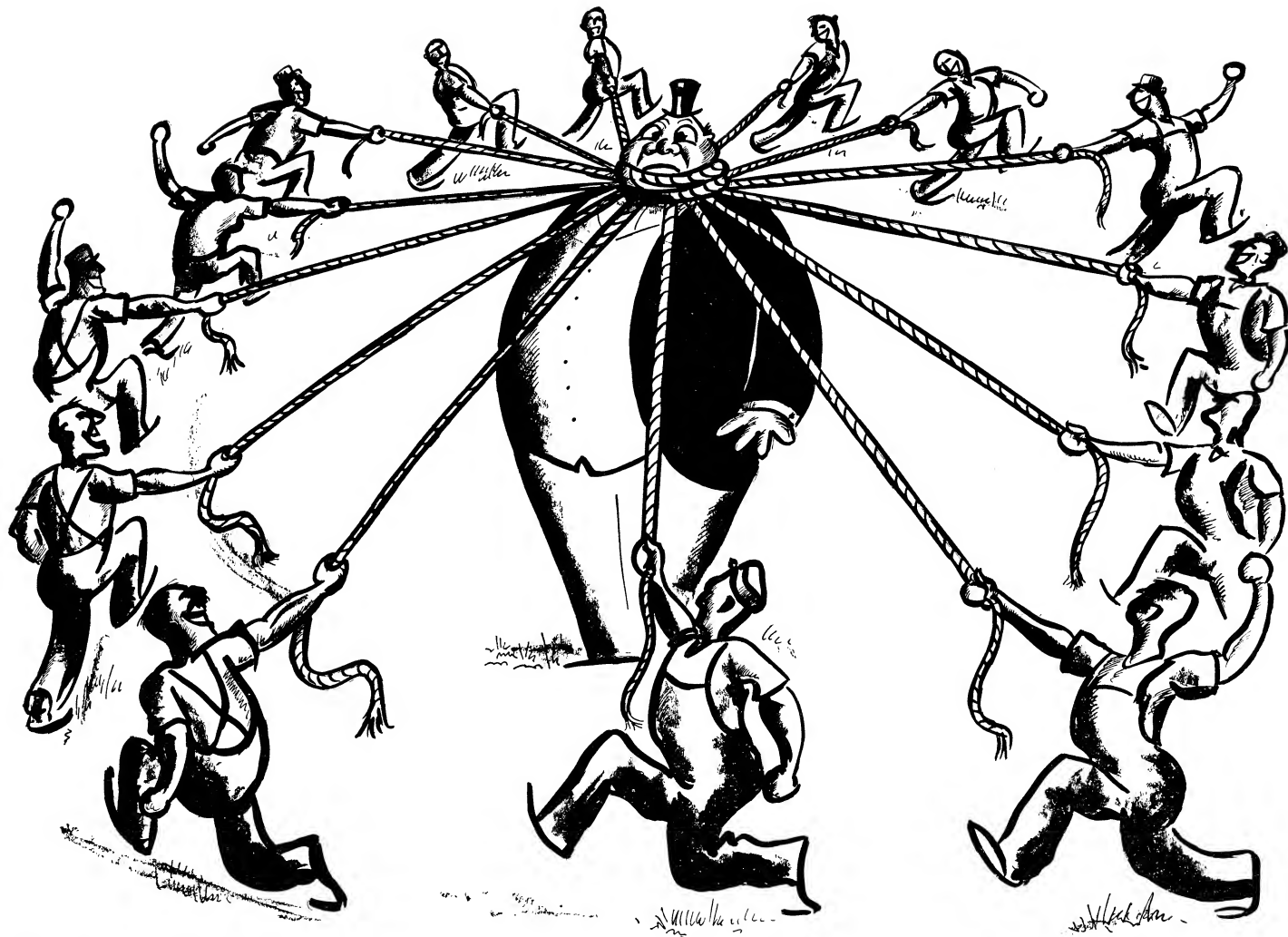
Remember, gentlemen, money isn't everything.

Although fully aware of the fearful responsibilities which weigh

upon the shoulders merely of one among you—such as you, for instance, Mr. Rockefeller—I simply exhort you to be calm, to stand fast like Washington at Valley Forge, to give way to no sudden impulse, to keep no deadly weapons in the house, and above all, to see to it that business is conducted “as usual.”

You, Mr. Rockefeller, like your colleagues who head great combinations of industry, upon which millions of human beings, and indeed whole nations, depend for their livelihood, have suffered no less than any of us from the economic depression. I am well aware that the Standard Oil companies, for instance, employing thousands of workers, many of whom have bought shares of your stocks, have been deeply injured by the declining demand for kerosene, gasoline, vaseline and even Nujol. It is not hard to sense how irritating the immediate effects of such developments may have become for you and other members of your class. Yet I wish to remind you here that every passing day of business stagnation stores up an added future demand for merchandise of all sorts, for kerosene, gasoline, Flit and Nujol.

Is not the present a marvelous time of unparalleled opportunity for individual initiative? Are not goods and things of all sorts, possessing the highest ultimate value, and including billion-dollar corporations, going a-begging under the noses of us all? We call upon you, who are best able to calculate the unprecedented opportunities wrought by fear and hoarding, to take of them now—to invest, creating new incentive, new enterprise, laying the foundations for a new, a bigger—the biggest yet—and lasting pros-



THE MAY DAY POLE

Otto Soglow

perity. (Hoarding must cease.)

Remember that the millions of your countrymen look to you, in this dark hour, for leadership, example and consolation. You must go on conducting your large affairs as skillfully, as cheerily as possible. And though your strenuous labors may appear, in such moments, to reap only niggardly rewards in the material sense, you will not falter; you will keep the spiritual rewards in your eye as always.

Gentlemen, we depend upon you to preserve those great fortunes from which contributions to charity drives may be regularly collected.

Many of us common citizens, little people who possessed small wealth before, now have much less, or nothing whatever. Yet we do not contemplate ending our lives by our own hand! On the contrary, we find the present period one of the most stimulating and fascinating we have ever lived through. In these years we are learning something new every day. And by the way, how frightfully curious we are about how prosperity is going to be brought back. Not for anything in the world, if we can possibly help it, would we miss that wonderful new dawn, that first sunlit day of Spring when prosperity starts again!

Gentlemen, if I have seemed to take a leaf out of your own book, using your own yardstick and your own scheme of values

by which to offer you counsel, it is only because you, in the temporary bewilderment of these bad days, have apparently forgotten those principles yourselves.

Have patience. I as one of the little people, as one of the millions who have long been hearing and memorizing your doctrines at after-dinner speeches and pep rallies, am only passing back to you a few of your comforting words, chosen from your brightest sayings, and therefore considered suitable for this occasion.

Remember that:

It is a long lane that has no turning.

It is always darkest before the dawn.

Every cloud has its silver lining.

Prosperity is just around the corner.

Everything that goes down must go up some day.

What America needs right now is courage and a five cent cigar.

We must get back to the old pioneer spirit.

Our laborers must knuckle down to hard work, take lower wages and stop pampering themselves.

America expects every man to do his duty.

(Respectfully yours)

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Joseph North

Mr. Morgan Asks You to Share

His Latin eyes crackled with anger as he spread-eagled his hands, "And then she starts asking me if I got insurance policy."

He put down his corn-cob pipe, "I tell her yes, and she say to me: 'You know, Mr. Borelli, there is really nothing that we can do. Maybe if you fix so that your family can get your insurance policy you can help them out. So far I can see this is the only way you can help them.'"

The little Italian took up his pipe again. "You know what that mean," he asked, growing more animated in his increasing anger, "she wanta me kill myself, yes sir, bump myself off, so my family get the insurance policy." He began puffing noisily at his pipe. "You call that help? I can do that without advice from city."

For twenty years he had dug the ditches of lower Manhattan, had brought six little Latins—replicas of himself—into the world. Jobless for six months, he was squirming to find means to fill his cupboard. Two of his children were old enough to work—but there was no work.

He had sunk \$3,000, his life earnings, into a gleaming bandbox of a home in the upper Bronx. The mortgages had helped him retain it. In addition, he had borrowed \$900 from friends in the past ten months, to keep alive.

Now he was at the end of his rope. He applied for relief from the Gibson Committee, but because he was a "property owner" he was outside the pale.

His ten-year old daughter could not understand why food was denied them. The child jumped from the chair in the darkening little room, where light had been shut off, her large black eyes, the image of her father's, almost popping out of her head. "What do you expect us to do, we can't take bricks out of the wall and eat them, can we?" I questioned the little Italian further, trying to get a clear notion of the kind of individual who counselled suicide to aid the family. "Like hell," he said, "I no kill myself. Before I get done I make few of them upstairs (he meant higher-ups) killa themselves."

He paced the little kitchen. "I want work. They no can give me work. I want food. They no can give me food. What I need they no can give me. What the hell good are they?" He continued pacing, muttering under his breath. The six offspring sat in a circle around the room, their dark eyes fastened on their father.

Later, I left him some copies of the *Daily Worker*. He glanced at the headlines, opened the doors of the empty cupboard and put the papers there. He mumbled as he laid them carefully on the shelf. Turning to me he said: "When no got something to put in here, plenty room for this paper."

By the middle of winter, 1932, even the governor was admitting one million jobless in New York City.

I had accompanied a friend of mine, an investigator for the Gibson Committee. Climbing the innumerable steps to the warrens these hungry proletarians call home. I thought of some prehistoric day of famine. These were cliff dwellers, sitting hopelessly in their holes high above the ground. Famine stricken because the maize and potatoes did not issue from the ground this year. I thought of Manhattan, the vast colony of cliff dwellers, shivering in hunger.

I recollected, too, the granaries, overflowing with warm dusty wheat; the vast abbatoirs, crowded with row upon row of hanging hams; of pyramids of haunches of meat. But this was not the stone-age, this was 1932. This was how the rulers of our day were handling the increasing famine of millions.

The cry for bread had echoed through the canyons of Manhattan for two years, unheeded by their overlords. But a mounting volume of agony breeds fear of revolt. A group of captains of industry met one day last October on the nineteenth story of a Wall Street skyscraper. The Gibson Emergency (after two years) Unemployment Relief Committee was born.

In a pamphlet they issued at that time, these national figures of industry and commerce (*they were not starving*) declared, "Realizing the need for prompt action, a small group of business men, including several leaders in welfare work, met in a downtown office to consider what should be done."

Chief of those "who considered what should be done" was Harvey D. Gibson, chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Trust Company, one of Mr. J. P. Morgan's houses. The rest of the cast included Bayard F. Pope, vice-chairman of the Relief Committee, and also, oddly enough, president of Stone, Webster and Blodgett, Inc.; Thomas Cochran, treasurer of the Committee, and, strangely, a partner of J. P. Morgan; James G. Harbord, chairman of the Radio Corporation of America; Thomas W. Lamont, a Morgan partner, and Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. *Sweet charity!*

The Gibson Committee, composed of labor-hating heads of corporations, was directly in touch with Herbert Hoover. Their job was to halt the growing demand for unemployment insurance. They were to milk the hungry to feed the hungry. *Charity begins at home*. Under the old slogan—"Against the dole—for rugged American individualism" they entered the fray.

Topnotch advertising men of New York went to their aid. The "I Will Share" Campaign reverberated through the city press. Al Smith, Jimmy Walker and Grover Whalen lent a big hand. The Gibson Committee raised \$18,000,000 by December. *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

This, in addition to, approximately, forty-five millions more, assured by public relief funds of the city, state, private charities, and family welfare agencies, was the war-chest to allay hunger

HUGO
GELLERT

Hugo Gellert

"At present, all the wealth of society goes first into the possession of the Capitalist . . . He pays the land owner his rent, the labourer his wages, the tax and tithe gather their claims, and keeps a large, indeed the largest, and a continually augmenting share of the annual produce of labour for himself. The Capitalist may now be said to be the first owner of all the wealth of the community. . . ." Thomas Hodgkin as quoted by Karl Marx in Capital.

* * *

It has been estimated that the rich, or 2 percent of the people in the United States own 60 percent of the wealth; the middle class, or 33 percent, own 35 percent, and the poor, or 65 percent, 5 percent.

* * *

"Block aid is the right idea. It involves going to everybody, to those who have little. . ."—J. P. Morgan.

MORRIS WINCHEFFSKY

The international proletariat mourns the death of Morris Wincheffsky, outstanding Jewish revolutionary poet. The entire working class cultural movement is poorer for his loss.

(read revolt) during the winter. War-chest, indeed! Millions for capitalist defense, but not one cent for unemployment insurance.

In other words, one million jobless workers who drew an average of \$80,000,000 a month were to be fed and housed over a period of six months by means of approximately, \$58,000,000.

Truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive—but who, precisely, gave? The Gibson Committee funds were raised from one half million workers in New York City. The press howled daily for more, more. The sidewalks of New York were combed for nickels and dimes, the factories canvassed. An undercurrent of menace—at times an open threat—said in effect, "If you don't give, you can find another job."

The \$18,000,000 having been raised, the Gibson Committee, with a fanfare of trumpets, hired 1500 investigators at salaries of \$24 weekly (\$35 per assistant supervisor and \$42 for supervisors) to go and search out "hunger among the jobless."

By February 1932, it was openly announced, that of 900,000 jobless, 31%, or 264,000 were in "real need." Of these, only 123,000 were being cared for. In other words 141,000 families or, counting five to a family, 705,000 workers, their wives and children were left out in the cold—absolutely penniless, and no place to find aid. "Ask and you shall be given, knock and it shall be opened unto you!"

And more than one investigator for the Gibson Committee—drawn from the ranks of penniless and despairing lower middle class—gave the only advice they knew—"bump yourself off" for the insurance policy. "He did it for the wife and kiddies!"

New York, richest city in the world, had more than 705,000 starving. The Gibson Committee had been able to afford only 20,500 jobs; private charity was taking care of only 26,500 families; city home relief, of 45,000 families and the city work bureau, of 30,800—a total of 122,800.

All these agencies were spending about \$6,500,000 a month—the workers were losing more than \$80,000,000 in wages monthly.

By March, it was generally recognized that further measures must be taken in the matter of "revolution insurance." Rugged American individualism was standing on the breadline and there was no bread to be had. The capitalist witch doctors' incantations against the "dole" were beginning to drown in the general cry for food.

Mr. Gibson and his captains of industry went into conference and devised the Block-Aid plan. This ambitious project has as its aim the organization of 10,000 city blocks, with "block-aiders" in each street who will seek weekly contributions of ten to fifty cents for twenty weeks for "families in need who are not receiving assistance."

Again the foremost industrialists appealed to the halt to aid the lame. Again they appealed to the masses: "*These three remain—Faith, Hope and Charity, and the greatest of these is charity.*" And Charity was a better bet when Faith and Hope were beginning to glimmer.

J. P. Morgan broadcast from his mansion. He appealed for—generosity. Yes, he, Mr. Morgan, appealed to each man to help his fellow-man. His words were radiantly reprinted in the city press the next day. And Mr. Norman Thomas, too, issued his appeal. He seconded Mr. Morgan's motion. Let the semi-starving help the starving.

At the present writing the Block-Aiders are going from house to house for the pennies, nickels and dimes. The system is organized on a gendarme-charity basis. Complete and thorough investigation of all families. Excellent basis for war-time surveillance of all working-class families. In fact, heads of the war department were called in on the charity racket to help organize this system.

The Unemployed Councils are holding mass demonstrations warning the workers and mobilizing them against this gendarme-charity system.

"All unemployment relief to come from the bosses and the government" is their demand.

The fight for jobless insurance coming from the Bosses and the Government is also the fight of the intellectuals and writers. It is squarely up to them, also, to combat that open-handed, mailed-fist liberality (with bullets) most efficiently exemplified to date by Mr. Ford of Dearborn.

MAY, 1932

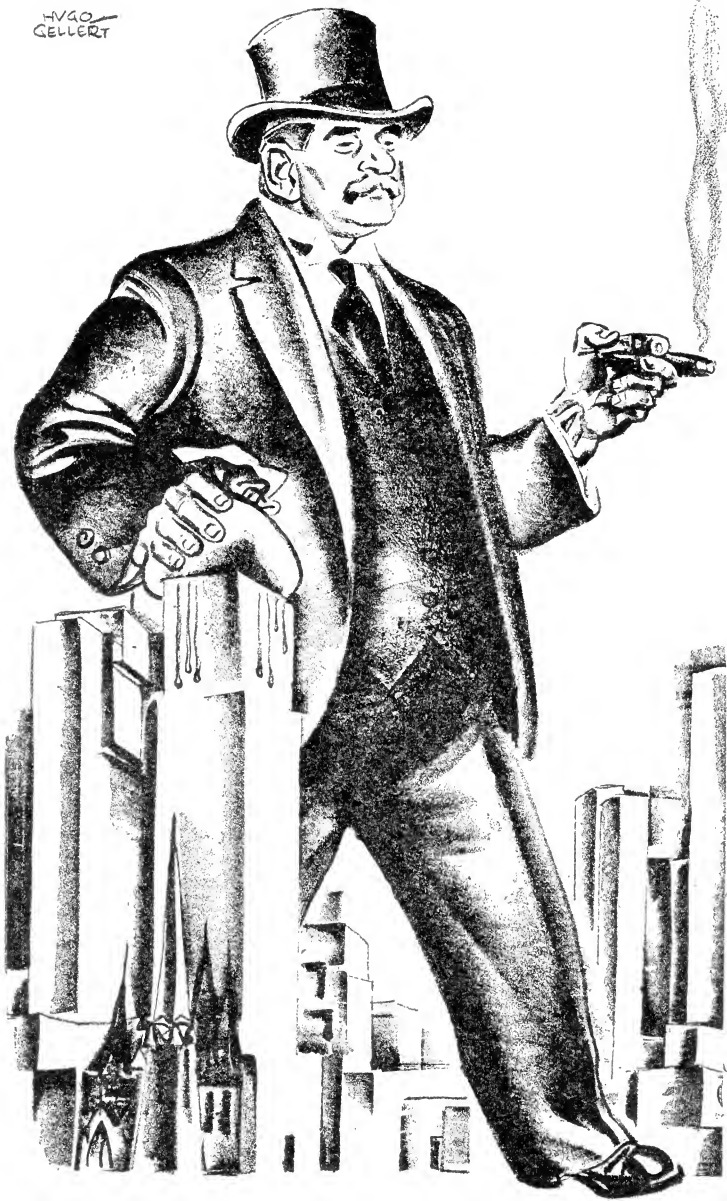
HUGO
GELLERT



Hugo Gellert

MAY, 1932

HUGO
GELLERT



Hugo Gellert

ROMAIN ROLLAND

GORKY, THE SHOCK-BRIGADER

(To Gorky, the first *udarnik* (shock brigader) of the universal republic of Labor, greetings from a French colleague.)

There is no need to introduce Gorky to the European public. His fame as an author is universally established. But there is another Gorky whom French esthetes prefer chastely to wrap in a cloak of modesty. It is Gorky the fighter, protagonist and chief of the proletarian intelligentsia, which is constructing a new world. That Gorky is almost the only man in Europe, at any rate, he is the first and most thorough, to set the elite the scandalous example (which they do not dare follow until the ship sinks and they try to save themselves by swimming away like rats) of a man prominent in the world of art, a great intellect, a great author, who takes his genius, his fame, into the camp of the revolution, addressing western intellectuals from the other side of the barricade. I, too, have crossed that barricade, and I shake Gorky's fraternal hand.

For a year or two, I have been irregularly following the shock-work of that author, "the first *udarnik* of the U. S. S. R.," as he has been called, as it appeared in the Moscow newspapers. I felt sorry that the west knew nothing of those passionate narratives, which reflect not only the strong, burning soul of Gorky, but also the new society which is in the making. The moulding of which he observes and depicts. I was pleased to find in this book* some of those pieces I would have chosen myself.

Most of the articles (included in the book) are either rejoinders to enemies or exhortations to friends.

The first, which demonstrate the unrestricted right of criticism that exists in the U.S.S.R. (they are written in reply to mountains of snarling and venomous letters received there) are in most cases couched in a caustic, violent, ruthless style. They overflow with passionate feeling. They have the smell of battle. In spite of their fervency these are not the articles I prefer, for their effect is to irritate opponents rather than convince them, and the result is mainly to stimulate the pugnacity of those who are convinced beforehand.

For us westerners, I attach much more importance to the articles in which Gorky, assuming the role of mentor of the Soviet workers, encourages and enlightens them, shows them the right way, and sometimes chides them and reminds them of the respect due to cultural values produced throughout the ages which they might have a tendency to despise. He rouses discouraged adolescents to activity by making them realize the grandeur of the epoch. He extols the tasks of today and the rich life which is opening before us and which must produce a new humanity. In answer to those who mourn the passing of such old bourgeois idols as liberalism and individualism, he uses strong language to express the essence of real individuality, and real liberty. I would like to quote here his exact words, since I believe they will help to dissipate the fears of western intellectuals, who timidly cling to their firesides, whose scraggy necks glory in the yoke which they call liberty.

"Bourgeois society forces the individual to serve its ends, that is, the ends of the class whose power is based on the exploitation of the physical energy of the majority. The free development of the individual in bourgeois countries is limited to ideas of race, nationality, class and religion, and to the prejudiced belief in the 'originality of one's national civilization', an originality which exists on the surface only. Our Soviet State is being constructed on the basis of socialism, all restrictive ideas are eliminated, the individual is granted the right freely to develop all his powers and abilities. Some people will say: that is untrue, since the Soviet Government is opposed to freedom of speech, freedom of the press and other 'liberties' of which defenders of the capitalist regime hypocritically boast and which are in reality non-existent. My answer is: our state has instituted the widest form of liberty, complete liberty of the individual with regard to ideas which for

centuries arrested and limited his evolution. It fights against the individual only in cases where the latter becomes the bearer and disseminator of ideas which are of a nature that will restrain the free development of the intellectual power of the individual himself; they are precisely the ideas upon which the power of capitalism is based: class, race, nationality, religion. To permit, in the Workers' and Peasants' State, the propaganda of ideas decidedly hostile to workers and peasants, and tending to demonstrate to the working class the legitimacy and inevitability of their enslavement, would be absurd and ridiculous Don Quixotism."

In another article, this profound psychologist makes a thorough analysis of the false individualism to which the last few defenders of "intellectual independence" are desperately clinging in capitalist countries, and he compels them to see the lamentable failure of their efforts.

"The individual defends his apparent liberty inside his cage. The cages in which the writers, journalists, philosophers, government officials, and all other highly polished cogs of the capitalist machine are confined, are naturally more comfortable than the peasant's cage . . . Individualism is the result of outward pressure which is brought to bear on man by a class society. Individualism is a sterile attempt by the individual to defend himself against violence; but self-defense is self-limitation, since the process of growth of intellectual energy is retarded when one engages in self-defense. Such a state of affairs is pernicious alike to society and the individual. Nations spend billions arming against their neighbors. The individual expends most of his energy defending himself against the violence to which he is subjected by a class society. . . . 'Is life a struggle?' Yes, life ought to be a struggle of man against the forces of nature, with the object of subduing and directing them. Class society has transformed this grand struggle into an abject fight to master the physical energy of man, to enslave him. The individualism of the twentieth century intellectual differs from that of the peasant in form of expression only. It is more flowery, more polished, but just as animal-like and blind. The intellectual finds himself between the upper millstone of the people and the nether millstone of the state. These conditions under which he lives are, as a rule, hard and dramatic, since his surroundings are generally hostile to him. That is why his imprisoned thoughts so often cause him to place the burden of his own conception of life on the whole world, and these individual conceptions give rise to philosophical pessimism, scepticism and other deformities of thought."

I have quoted these masterly pages because they coincide with my own reflections and because I have arrived, in my own way, at the same conclusions, in the course of severe struggles in the last few years. I shall speak again in the very near future, in some articles and a book, of the blood-stained birth of free thought in the west. Such a crisis is of interest to thousands of my colleagues in France, Germany and other countries, and I know they are groping in the dark along the same paths.

To this sorry spectacle of an individualism of prisoners, walking in a circle within the walls of their jail, whose only refuge lies in an escape upwards in the hallucinations of a religious spirit or in the proud illusion of their enchained stoicism, Gorky has no difficulty in opposing the healthy and vigorous exchange effected between the social mass and its individual units, in the new society founded by the revolution. The revolutionary mass emanates emotional energy which is caught by the individual who sends the electric charge back into the masses, after reinforcing it by his ability to translate collective energy into idea-images. The will of the masses will, in the great hours of their creative action, "undertake tasks which are impossible for one individual, no matter how great his genius may be." The knowledge of this gigantic will imparts to the individual a heroic joy and an elan which sweeps aside all futile snivelers sighing "what's the good", as well as the melancholy of bourgeois individualism.

"My dear young folks"—says Gorky to those who whine about the drabness of life, its uselessness and mediocrity—"I sincerely wish, in your own interests, that life may teach you a good lesson; that you may feel the weight of the horny hand of

*On Guard: Maxim Gorky International Publishers.

that great and implacable teacher, which we humans impregnate with our reason and will. I wish you to understand that your complaints are devoid of sense. It is shameful to complain when one has the good fortune to live in the most extraordinary age of humanity; when it is crumbling and being resuscitated; when an enthusiastic people are erecting the first classless Socialist society, a state of equals, despite the fierce and savage resistance of the old type of man, opposed to everything new, whom history has condemned to death. If you young people really want to live a great and beautiful life, create it. Work side by side with those who are constructing a stupendous edifice that requires gigantic effort, that has no precedent."

Our voice shall answer the voice from Russia, and the whole west shall reverberate to the echoes of the east. It shall bring the blush of shame to the face of cowardly youth, seeking its profit in more or less disguised servility to business politicians and finance imperialism; or to the face of those other "young people" of the literary world, who quit the fight in order to practice, shut up in their homes, the narcism of an art which exhausts itself in sterile joys in front of a mirror. If they do not find enough blood in their impoverished veins to recognize their infirmity and cure it, let the north wind carry away these dead leaves; let the human forest grow new generations, more healthy and verdant, to cover their remains! In the U.S.S.R. "a people of 160 millions is working, not for its own benefit only, but for that of the whole of humanity, showing the latter the miracles performed by the will of intelligently organized masses."

Nations of the west, you, who for centuries have been the vanguard of humanity—you, who today are last—when will you take your place again among the builders of the new world?

With or without you, that new world shall come into being.

CHARLES CROIX

THE STUDENTS INVADE KENTUCKY

For several hours our bus traced its way in and out among the hills of northern Tennessee. We had come from colleges all over the country to make this trip to Kentucky, and as if carrying on the traditions of its old Indian history, Kentucky greeted us with menacing figures springing into silhouette against the gray sky above the Cumberland Gap. In an instant, the road, a moment before deserted, swarmed with men and cars that surrounded us on every side. A rifle barrel was thrust through a window of the bus by a Kentucky deputy sheriff.

"Come on, you all. We're taking you into Kentucky."

"Is Waldo Frank in there?" came from the mob. "Throw him out!"

"Is Allen Taub back again? Where's the rope?"

Walter B. Smith, Attorney of Bell County, motioned for silence. He boarded the bus and addressed the mob outside.

"Just a minute, folks. I'll give you a chance to see what these things inside look like."

"Who is your spokesman?" Smith asked. "Get out and tell us what you want here."

Rob Hall, a tall, sandy haired Southerner in his middle twenties, stepped forward. He addressed the mob.



"I AM THE LAW!"

Jacob Burck

"We are here on a peaceful and legal mission. We have come to Kentucky to make an impartial investigation of the coal fields. Charges of violation of constitutional rights, of violence, and lawlessness have been made. We have come down to see for ourselves whether these charges are true."

From the mob came, "Get the leader. Lynch the sonovabitch. Where's the nearest tree?"

Once again County Attorney Smith motioned for silence and said, "These representative citizens who have met you are the sons of the pioneers of the republic. In this section where you have come to investigate we have our homes, our churches, our schools, and our property; all that is sacred to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is represented here in these people before you . . . You have sounded your trumpets before you on your specious claims of liberty, of free speech and free press. But you seem to have forgotten that we have some liberties and rights to protect over and against your self-constituted uninvited commission . . . There are no two sides to this proposition. You are going to do what we say. If you come here to investigate us, we are going to do the first investigating."



"I AM THE LAW!"

BURCK
Jacob Burck



"I AM THE LAW!"

BURCK
Jacob Burck

Walter B. Smith and four deputies entered the bus. One of them, Lee Fleener, had been indicted by a Kentucky grand jury a few days previous for murdering three miners who were operating a soup kitchen. The mob re-entered their cars, moving forward single file. Each car became a travelling arsenal. The procession moved on to Middlesboro where it stopped at the courthouse. We ran a gauntlet of armed protectors of "sacred Kentucky institutions" and filed two by two into the courtroom. An unmistakable odor of liquor in the court—the deputies were drunk. Most of the audience was tipsy. Judge Vanbebber presiding, was in a drunken stupor. The court was packed. One could not move without rubbing against guns. We sat on creaky benches in the front of the room. Before us stood "Spider Smith," the Bell County Attorney. The questioning began. His manner throughout was of elaborate suavity, reminding me of Jimmie Walker.

"What is your name?" Smith asked the first student.

"Walter Rellis."

"Were you born in the United States?" An evident attempt to disclose our "Roosian" character.

"I was."

"What school are you from?"

"The College of the City of New York."

"Are you a member of the Communist Party, the Young Communist League, or the Pioneers?"

"I don't care to answer."

A menacing growl from the "representative citizens" who began to shift restlessly in their seats. Smith looked hard at Rellis for a moment as if about to say something. He changed his mind and his expression. "Sit down," he said sweetly.

The next defendant was a blond young man of unmistakable Nordic extraction.

"Your name, please?"

"Arthur Goldschmidt."

"How do you spell that?" asked Smith, "J-E-W-O-L-D-S-C-H-M-I-D-T?"

Laughter from the audience. Smith was pleased with himself. "Where do you come from?" he continued.

"San Antonio, Texas."

"Are you a member of the Communist Party, the Young Communist League, or the Pioneers?"

"I am not."

"Next, please. What's your name?"

"Isaac Zanger."

"Isaac? Isaac?" Laughter. "Isaac?" Tremendous laughter. Typical of this playing to the galleries was Smith's query addressed to Pauline Daum—"Do you spell your name D-U-M-B?"

"Mr. Hall will you get up?"

Mr. Hall arose. "Mr. Smith," he replied, "may I ask a question?"

"By all means."

"Are we under arrest?"

"You are being investigated. You have come to investigate us. We are doing the first investigating."

"In that case, I protest. You have no legal right to subject us to an investigation. If we are under arrest, we demand the right to legal counsel. If we are not under arrest, you cannot question us. We will refuse to answer. If you wish to question any further, you must place us under arrest and permit us to send for an attorney."

"Whom would you wish for your lawyer?"

"Dr. John R. Neal of Covington, Kentucky."

Cries from the audience. "We'll hang the bastard when he gets here."

"Spider" Smith smiled. "Well, you know you'll have to wait in jail until he comes, and it will take several days."

"I would rather go to jail than forfeit one of my constitutional rights."

"Well, I think you will get your wish, Mr. Hall. Sit down."

The next student called on was Eleanor Curtis.

"Oh, yes, I remember your picture," Smith said, "how could I forget that face? What school are you from?"

"I shall not answer."

"Very well. Sit down. Next please."

One by one, we arose refusing to reply to any further questions. At that point, three newspaper correspondents, who had accompanied us to Kentucky, spoke up, "We are ashamed to stand here and see these people with whom we have traveled subjected to such indignities. We insist on taking our place with them even if it means going to jail." The deputies granted the wish of the newspaper correspondents. They pushed them across to the

benches where we sat.

Smith turned to us and said, "You refuse to answer all questions. There is no longer a doubt in our minds but that you are aliens come into our midst to spread your propaganda. You must leave Kentucky. You will be taken to your buses by our officers and sent safely back to Tennessee."

The mob, by this time, was milling about in the court-room. Curses and threats drowned our reply. Guns bristled conspicuously. Throughout the entire hearing, the drunken judge had neither moved nor uttered a word. Colonel Patterson, chief attorney for the coal operators in Bell County, acting as spokesman for the judge, delivered the final oration to the mob.

"These people are here to investigate us. But we can tell them that before we allow interference with our sacred institutions, the waters of the Tennessee River, which now run red with Kentucky soil, will run red with blood."

"Amen, brother," chanted the mob.

"We do not want them to come here with a bowl of soup and a hunk of Sovietism to feed our people . . ."

"Amen, brother, Hallelujah, brother." The investigation was degenerating into a revival meeting.

"Let them investigate New York. There is more misery to one square inch in New York than to one square mile in Kentucky."

"Amen, brother, Amen, brother." The mob was thoroughly aroused.

"Hallelujah, brother, Hallelujah, brother."

The crowd arose, baring their guns, determined to escort us to Tennessee. We were forced onto the bus and the pilgrimage started back to Cumberland Gap.

Our second contingent reached Kentucky one day later. Twelve miles from Middlesboro, while climbing a long mountain road, we ran out of oil. At seven A. M., with no sleep the night before for anyone aboard, we piled out onto the roadway. The driver set out on foot for the next town, about five miles distant, to get oil. On his return he brought with him the armed flotilla which we had tried to avoid by taking a back road into Bell County. Once more, the smiling spokesman, "Spider" Smith, was the first to move into action; Dr. Stacy and Deputy Creech were right behind him.

"Who's the leader of this delegation?" asked Smith.

"I am," I replied.

Smith turned to Deputy Creech. "All right," he said. "Search the bus."

"We protest," I replied. "We want you to produce a search warrant."

"We don't need a search warrant," was Creech's answer. "We have warrants for the arrest of all of you down in Pineville."

"We don't care about your warrants in Pineville. If you want to search the bus, we want to see a search warrant. If you want to use your Pineville warrants, then place us under arrest."

Without further talk, Deputy Creech threw me aside and entered the bus which he proceeded to search.

"We demand our constitutional rights," I said.

"You have no constitutional rights," Smith replied.

"Why, aren't we in the United States?"

"No," he replied, "you're in Kentucky."

"Well, then, we demand our constitutional rights under the constitution of the state of Kentucky."

"There is no constitution in Kentucky," was Smith's simple reply. "I'm the constitution. I'm the highest court of authority. *I am the law.*"

By this time, the mob of deputies, coal operators, and gun thugs crowded toward the bus. There was nothing left for us to do but get aboard.

Dr. Stacy, his pockets bulging with the weight of automatics, Attorney Smith, Ted Creech, and two other deputies took their places with us on the bus. A short way back, we had passed two small tents whose occupants told us they were the families of evicted miners, blacklisted by the coal companies because they belonged to the National Miners Union. These tents were made of canvas and rubber, the holes stuffed with paper. They were so small that the only heating equipment, a tiny coal stove, had to be kept outside the tent. In one of them lived a family of seven. Further along, we came to some deserted shacks, unquestionably the homes of evicted miners.

"Mr. Smith," asked one of the students, "do miners live in those houses?"

"Of course not, those houses were condemned a long time ago. The miners in Bell County all have fine homes."

HALT THE EXECUTION
MAY 13!



HALT THE EXECUTION
MAY 13!



"But there are some people living in this one. I see four or five children on the porch."

Smith turned to the other side of the bus with a gesture toward the distant hills. "Isn't the scenery beautiful?" he said.

Someone produced a camera. Reaching for his pocket, Creech cried angrily, "Anyone that opens a camera gets it shot out of his hands."

At the end of a long arrow was a huge sign:

GET RIGHT WITH GOD.

We were entering Middlesboro a neat, clean mining town, the vestige, evidently, of a period of former prosperity. Smith's chest heaved with pride. "See those fine homes, miners own those homes."

"What do you mean by 'miners'—coal diggers or coal operators?"

"Well, I'll show you some miners' homes. See that house," pointing to a shack four blocks removed from the main street on which all the houses looked prosperous, "that's a miner's home!"

Once across the Gap, and in Claiborne County, Tennessee, I ordered the driver to stop the bus. Smith urged him to go on. When I made the demand a second time, the driver complied.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "your presence is very unwelcome. You are now in Tennessee and you have no jurisdiction in Tennessee. From now on, I take charge of the bus. You will please get off."

Seemingly complying, Smith left the bus with his deputies, but Sheriff Riley, himself of Claiborne County, appeared on the scene.

"Mr. Riley," Smith began, "this man wants a Tennessee deputy aboard. Is there one about?"

"No," was Riley's answer.

"Well, do you want to go aboard the bus?"

"No."

"Then deputize me," said Smith.

"I deputize you." Deputy Sheriff Riley touched Smith on the shoulder and deputized him in the manner of Arthur knighting Galahad. Pointing to me, Smith addressed Deputy Robinson who had just come aboard. "Take this man to the back of the bus."

The front of the bus was a strategic position and Smith did not want to share it with me. Robinson moved to carry out instructions, but I refused to go. Somewhat put out, he ordered me off. I refused to move. Both Smith and Robinson called for aid, and as several thugs responded, Robinson's gun struck my ribs. An arm caught me about the stomach. Another pair of arms lifted me off the floor. An instant later, I was lying on the side of the road, face down in the gravel, blood running from my hands and mouth. While I was still prone on the ground, a deputy swung his foot and planted it in my stomach. By the time I regained my feet, another student, Joe Lash, had fought his way through the deputies and joined me outside the bus. He was followed by a girl.

"Don't think because you're a girl that I won't hit you," yelled a deputy. And he was a man of his word. He struck the girl on the chest. "Spider" Smith saw that the situation was getting out of hand. He shouted, "Let there be no violence."

Deputy Sheriff Robinson was compliant. Reversing the gun with which he was covering a student in the bus, he clipped him on the head with the butt end. Thirty students were on their feet, ready to fight Bell County's gunmen, but they feared for our safety outside.

"Blow up the damned bus! Send the Roosians back where they came from," howled the mob. Smith sensed an opportunity to utilize the concern of the occupants of the bus for those of us outside.

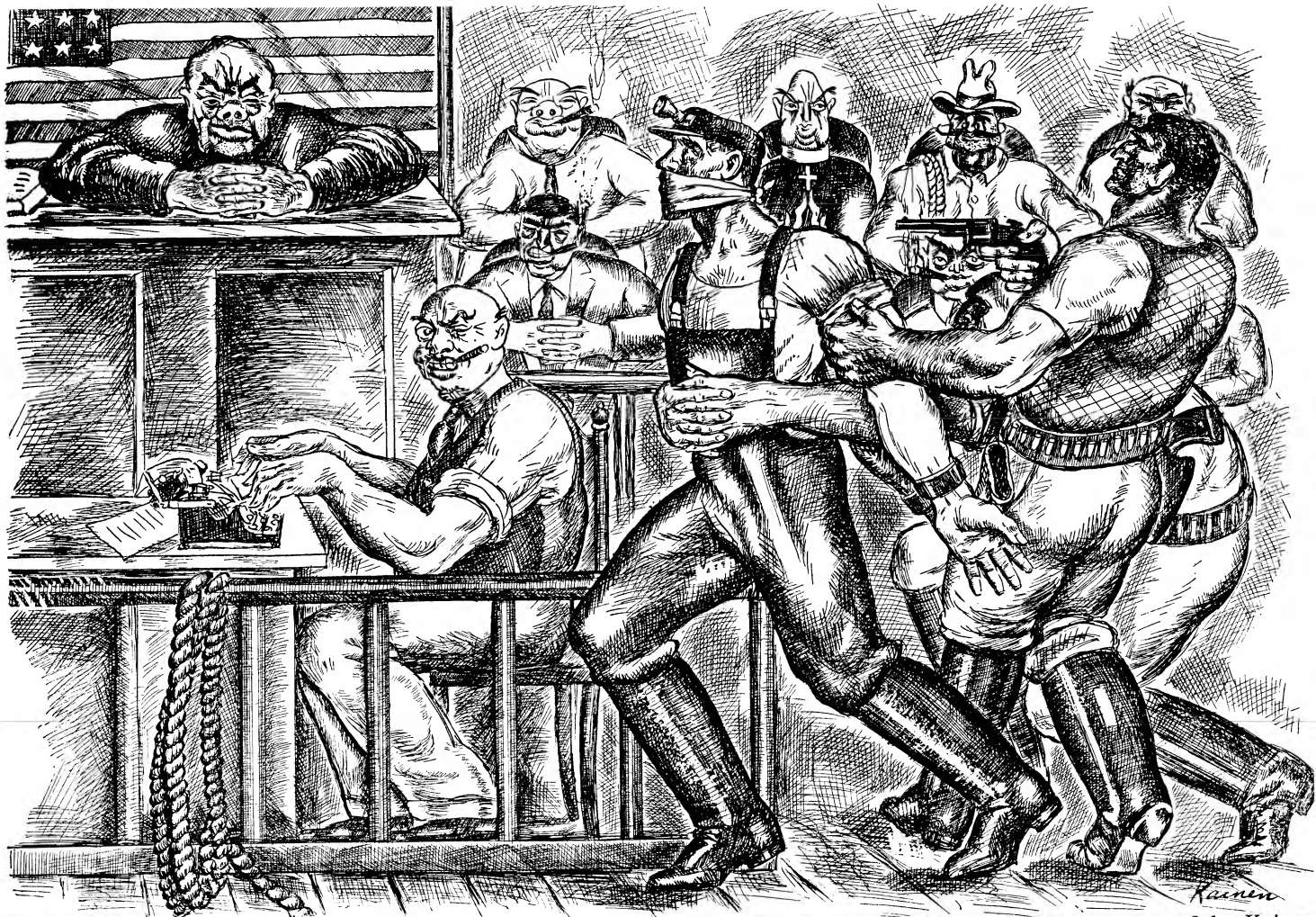
"If you will be quiet inside, we will return your leaders, otherwise I wash my hands of them. We are sending you all back to Knoxville. But if I were you, I would not stop in Knoxville. I know you have friends there, but you have more enemies than you have friends."

Dusk was gathering on Cumberland Gap as we left Kentucky. We learned much of the "dark and bloody ground," its feudal coal barons, their corrupt officials, and hired gunmen, and the struggle of the miners against all these. We saw for ourselves. And we have returned to colleges all over the country to tell what we have seen.



THE DEFENDANT HAS THE FLOOR

John Kainen



THE DEFENDANT HAS THE FLOOR

Kainen
John Kainen

FELIX MORROW

CLASS WAR IN DETROIT

This is the story the Detroit workers told me, as they told it to me:

"Just before we got to Miller Road, Al Goetz called a halt to say something about proletarian discipline, and how, whatever happened, we were to get through without violence.

"Big as life and uglier than sin, the cops were standing along the Dearborn line waiting for us to get within reach, and as soon as we did, they let go at us with those tear bombs.

"If we'd meant to hurt them bastards we could've killed a dozen yellow coppers, as you'll agree if you just stop to figure that there were five thousand of us with bricks galore to our hand. Only half a dozen got binged at all, we were just shooting them out of the way.

"Most of that mile from the Dearborn line to Gate 3 and the bridge, after they'd used up their tear gas, the cops were running and we were running after them, but it wasn't really no running fight, lots of them were right in the middle of the crowd and we didn't touch them. One copper was running beside me with his gun in his hand, and all I kept saying for most of that mile was 'Don't you dare shoot, you son-of-a-bitch.'

"Joe York and me and two other comrades were some way ahead of the main body, we'd just slowed down to a walk. I think I even saw the Ford guard do it, he stood up on the bridge aiming for as much as two minutes before he let go and Joe spun around in a half-twist and dropped hard.

"Can you imagine them murderers talking about self-defense! After York and a couple of others had got shot, Goetz got up on the back of a parked car and told us there wasn't no chance of presenting our demands so we'd turn back, practically all of us were standing listening to him. We were four-five hundred feet away from Gate 3 and the bridge where the Ford firemen were shooting water toward us. Now tell me this, if we were attacking Gate 3, how come, so few of us got wet?

"By the time that fellow who was leading us got up and started to talk, everything looked to be over. The last of the Dearborn cops had reached Gate 3 and gotten behind the fence with the Ford guards. Then Bennett come driving out somewhere near Gate 2 and drove past the edge of the crowd shooting tear-gas. I let him have half a brick as he stuck his face out. He kept going till near Gate 3, stumbled out of the car and emptied his gat, I think he plugged two or three, including that Italian fellow who cashed in. And a minute later the whole lot of them let go from behind the fence.

"They started firing when the men'd turned to go, you can tell that because most of them were shot in the back. That's where I got mine.

"I been through the war and they can't tell me there was no machine guns, the way lines of men were dropping at equal distances and the way those bullets hit the cars in the parking space like rolling drums.

"I'd gotten two in the back and one in the leg, so I just lay there watching the boys running back down Miller Road with those brave coppers after them emptying their guns into our backs.

"Wonder what happened to Joe Bussell? After the shooting was all over he was standing against an automobile, and he said, no, he didn't want any help, he'd be all right, so I beat it, and that night they reported him dead. They must have done him in after we left.

"Comrades took us to the Receiving Hospital in Detroit. We were put on those stretcher wagons and before the doctors even bandaged us the police handcuffed us to the stretchers.

"About twelve o'clock at night the sheriff's deputies came into the hospital's prison ward where we were trying to sleep; maybe the other boys could, but it hurt too much, I just was trying to keep still, and in came the deputies, and what do you think for? Why, to put leg chains on us so we couldn't get out!

"Just as soon as we could creep off our beds, the Detroit police

took us to headquarters and called up the Dearborn police. They piled us into the Dearborn patrol wagon and took us to the Dearborn jail.

"They don't even give you beds in that Dearborn jail, it's just a flat steel section you have to lie on, and me with my back shot wide open.

"You know what the papers say about me? 'He was found wandering about the Detroit streets with a bullet hole in his head.' Sure I had the bullet hole, but it was all cleaned and bandaged, I was one of the lucky ones who got treated by a private doctor. And I wasn't wandering on no streets. I was having a cup of coffee in a lunchroom the next morning, and this patrolman, Elmer Gross, comes up to me and says in a friendly way, 'What's that bandage on for?' Feeling proud, I tell him I got that in the Ford march. And then he goes and takes me out and calls the Dearborn patrol wagon for me. Now they say Detroit police didn't have anything to do with it.

"Culehan, the assistant prosecutor, says to me, 'Ever work for Ford?' 'Four years on the line.' 'Want your job back?' 'Sure.' 'Are you going to help us?' 'What d'you mean help you?' I asked, and Culehan tells his stenographer, 'Don't take that down.' 'Well, I'll have to keep you here' he tells me, 'Is that because I won't help you?' I want to know. And he smiles: 'Oh no. But you are not telling all you know.' So though I'd heard him promise the judge at the habeas corpus hearing that we'd be out by supper-time, back to jail I went for two more days."

I tried to get at the truth of what had happened to Joe Bussell and Joe York. Seventeen year old Bussell was a member of the Young Communist League and was soon to have gone to study in the Soviet Union. I have already quoted the man who last saw the boy alive, apparently only slightly wounded; ugly stories were circulating, even in respectable circles, that after the field was left to the Dearborn police and Ford thugs, they had clubbed him to death. These brutes knew and hated Joe Bussell for, unimpressed by threats, he had regularly sold the *Daily Worker* in front of the Ford plant. I learned only this—that after the coroner, who had not as yet seen the body, had granted permission for an outside physician to be present at the autopsy, it was revoked by Prosecutor Harry S. Toy, *who had seen the body*.

I wondered, too, about nineteen year old Joe York, Y.C.L. organizer, who had been the first to fall, with bullet wounds in the abdomen. It was said the youth had been permitted to bleed to death. A Ford engineer, who had watched the whole affair from a window in the plant, told me that two of the wounded had lain unattended for more than half an hour after shooting. Joe York died later in Delray Hospital. I had an interview with Miles N. Culehan, the assistant prosecutor in charge of the investigation. I asked him if he had talked to Joe York. He did not answer the question directly, but a minute later, after another question, and as if aimlessly, he said: "You know, the law is that we've got to question any man with gunshot wounds as soon as he is brought into a hospital. We've got to find out what happened. It may sound hard, but that is the law. Our business is to prosecute, and if we didn't find out what happened, the man might die while the doctor was treating him."

So someone had slowly bled to death under questioning, if not Joe York, then Coleman Leny or Joe de Blasio.

The half-dozen officers who were injured had sustained nothing more than minor bruises; their victims numbered four shot and killed and thirty others wounded, many of them seriously. The contrast was too glaring, something had to be done about it. Harry Bennett, ex-prizefighter, ex-mobster, now chief of the Ford guards and secret service, the highest paid industrial thug in America, had been struck in the head with a stone; he was chosen as the symbol of the wrongs suffered by the righteous. Immediately after the shooting, the Ford officials announced that Bennett had received a concussion of the brain from a brick. Probably unaware of the Ford statement, the prosecutor's office an-

nounced that Bennett had been shot and seriously wounded by a Red.

What had been Bennett's share in the shooting? First tear gas as he drove by, and then bullets, said the workers. The first edition of the Detroit Free Press immediately after the shooting carried this report by a Detroit detective: "Detective Quinn said that the dead man found near the gate was the victim of Bennett's marksmanship," that this man had attempted to attack Bennett, "and that before Quinn could get his own gun out, Bennett killed the man." The Detroit Times reported an officer telling an investigator: "When Bennett emptied his gun he turned to me and demanded mine." When I asked Assistant Prosecutor Culehan about this, he answered: "Naw, all Bennett had was a tear-gas gun."

The papers dug up the most touching stories relating to Bennett. It was told of him (*The Mirror*, 3/9) that once, when an imposing array of gangsters in six automobiles drove up to the Ford plant to make a holdup, "Bennett stepped to the curb, raised a hand, and the gangsters stopped.

"'You don't want to do this boys', he pleaded—and he was unarmed in the face of these desperate characters—you know it'll only cause bloodshed. You know it'll only mean jail for you.' He singled out the leader of the gang.

"In a minute, the gangsters stepped into their cars again and drove off the Ford grounds, as Bennett watched. The payroll was safe."

The story is not unbelievable if one knows what are Bennett's connections with the underworld. The first visitor to see him in the hospital after Henry and Edsel Ford, was Joe Tocco, downriver beer baron. One of his chief assistants is former Inspector McPherson of Detroit, who was kicked out of the police department after being indicted for having underworld connections. One of the ways Bennett pays his gangsters is to turn over to the chief mobsters the valuable food concessions at the Ford plant. This was the way the notorious gangster Chester La Mare was paid; Bennett persuaded Judge Simons to parole La Mare after he had been convicted as a bootlegger, and La Mare proceeded to show how widespread his underworld influence was by returning to a Boston Ford agent his child who had been kidnapped. When a bomb destroyed the home of William H. Gallagher, the nationally-known attorney who had beaten Ford in the Sapiro case, and who at the time of the bombing was fighting Ford for fraudulent practices in the Leland case, and also at the same time was obtaining a divorce for Bennett's wife, suspicion was immediately directed at Bennett's underworld lieutenant, La Mare. Soon after, La Mare was bumped off, and a few days later his food concession was turned over to a rival gangster. Twice in recent years Bennett himself has been unsuccessfully put on the spot by rival mobsters. It was this fact which was coupled to the massacre to make one of the headlines of a human interest story: "Thrice Has Bennett Been Under Fire."

"Bennett has taken over the whole Italian gangsterdom in Detroit, including the Black Hand," Mayor Murphy himself told me. "At the time of the Sapiro case, Bennett convinced Ford that his life was in danger from a Jewish assassin, and ever since then Ford has given Bennett carte blanche to hire as many gangsters as he pleases."

Four workers had been shot and killed and thirty others shot and wounded, but the press and the authorities assumed after the massacre that it had all been a red plot, and they talked accordingly.

It was later to be decided that the official Dearborn police were to take the rap, absolving both Ford guards and Detroit police of any responsibility, but those first two days no one thought of that possibility. So the newspapers published photographs with these titles: "Dearborn and Ford Police Meeting Attack With Tear Bombs." "Detroit Police, Dearborn Police and Ford Officers Who Quelled Riot." It was taken as a matter of course that four Detroit detectives, including Detective Quinn, should have been among the forces of authority. A call had been sent in for Detroit policemen and 150 of them, under Inspector Black had been dispatched, it was afterward claimed that they arrived after the shooting was over. But Tuesday morning's Free Press quoted inspector Black of Detroit as saying:

"Some of the men in the crowd began stoning my car and I ordered my men to draw their clubs. Inspector Stevens and I both warned the crowd to disperse or move on, and when they refused our officers charged with their night sticks."

This certainly meant that Detroit police were present during

the actual hostilities.

A regular terror began right after the Ford massacre. With this, too, the Detroit police were later to claim they had nothing to do, but those first twenty-four hours the massacre was still a red plot and nothing was concealed. The authorities who carried out the raids and arrested suspects were described as "Prosecutor's investigators, sheriff's deputies, and Detroit and suburban police." There was a list published of those "Held by Police at Detroit." There were raids in Detroit on the Unemployed Council and the Auto Workers Union, on the International Labor Defense and the Trade Union Unity League. At least one case was reported of a private search. "Charles Ellis was arrested when he visited Thomas Jones, his roommate, at receiving Hospital. Police

searched his room and found Communist literature." All this in liberal Detroit, and all without search warrants. For it was thought by the authorities that the murdering, shooting, clubbing, gassing of workmen could be used as the first step in wiping out the working class movement in Detroit.

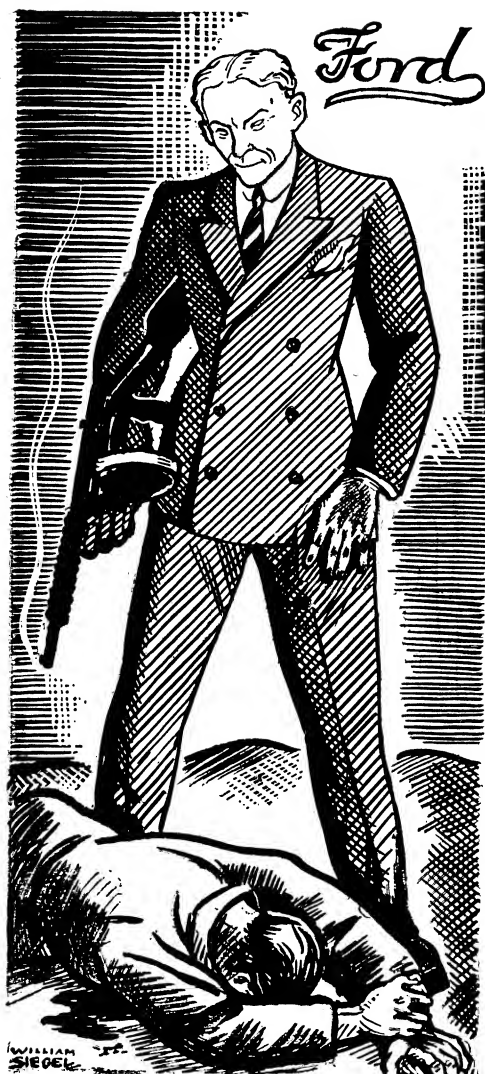
The high point of the reactionary surge came Tuesday, when the Wayne County Council of the American Legion, composed of 54 posts with a total membership of 8300 (on paper), met in secret session to express its sympathy to Ford and to offer him its services on future occasions.

And where, during this terrorization of the working class of Detroit, was Frank Murphy, Mayor of Detroit, the outstanding liberal, the recall mayor who had been elected to replace an obviously pro-Ford mayor; who had been supported by all the liberals and the "radicals" and the Detroit Federation of Labor; the champion of the people whose advent to office had been hailed by Norman Thomas and other leading socialists; the self-consecrated defender of free speech who, as he himself put it, "except for one unfortunate occasion"—November 31, 1931, when his police attacked an anti-war demonstration, and clubbed and beat hundreds of participants—had been assuring everyone who would listen that even Communists could meet and march without molestation; Murphy, the white hope of a "left" Democratic or Third Party presidential campaign; where was he while his police were involved in the Ford massacre, and were raiding working class organizations and throwing workmen into jail or turning them over to the tender mercies of the Dearborn police? The silence of the tomb surrounded Mayor Murphy. While his police, under a police commissioner holding office at Murphy's pleasure, did these things, Murphy was at least passively acquiescent.

It was, as a matter of fact, more than passive acquiescence. "Ford is a terrible man," he said to me "and Sorenson and Bennett, who control him, are inhuman brutes. Don't I know," he cried, beating his breast, "that those workers were guiltless of



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William Siegel

any crime? When they were gassed, they threw a few stones, and those brutes used it as an excuse to kill! Mayor Clyde M. Ford of Dearborn called me up and told me that his police took all the responsibility of the shooting. Well, even if it were true, which it isn't, what is the difference between the official Dearborn police and Ford's guards? A legalistic one."

But Murphy, needless to say, did not talk like this in public. When the Dearborn authorities brazenly declared that if any explanation for the killing was due, it should be made by the Detroit authorities because they had not smashed the hunger march before it left Detroit; when telegrams of protest from working class organizations throughout the country began to pour in on him; when the response of the working class of Detroit

had already scared the newspapers into a change of policy and even the Ford-controlled prosecutor's office was protesting that it only wanted to see justice done; when the Young Communist League bitterly protested the murder of two of its leaders; Murphy's only answer was that "In Detroit the marchers had police permission and police protection and were orderly . . . The present deplorable tragedy grew out of a march in the City of Dearborn for which it appears no permit was issued . . . The entire conflict was between the Dearborn police, the Ford Police and the demonstrators. An appeal was made to the Superintendent of Police in Detroit for help in quelling the riot and he directed a number of men to the scene who arrived after it was over." Privately, he said, "Don't you see, I can't openly criticize the regularly constituted authorities of Dearborn?" Since he himself insisted the distinction between Dearborn and Ford was merely a legalistic one, that meant that he could not, or rather would not, openly criticize Ford.

But what about the participation of Murphy's own police? As to the raids and the arrests, Murphy said maybe they were carried out on warrants—which they were not. And then, too, one had to be realistic. Did I know that some of the police officials were holdovers from Ford regimes? One couldn't get rid of them easily. Maybe they had carried out the raids and the arrests. Yes, the police commissioner was responsible to him, he was in fact an old friend, "and a Rhodes scholar," but such things happen. As to the actual massacre, "Barring the presence of Detective Quinn and the others, the position of the Detroit police is all right." But hadn't a hundred and fifty policemen been dispatched as soon as the riot began? "They needed help to quell the riot. But," said Murphy, "they didn't get there until the shooting was over." Yes, but what if they had gotten there while it was going on? "Oh well," was Murphy's answer, "when trouble occurs, we have to send help."

So every time the irresponsible devils of Dearborn start shooting at workmen, they can call for further help on Murphy's police. What price, then, Murphy's subjective and ever so private feelings? He is simply the liberal front to an adjunct of Ford's secret service.

In the same breath that he recognized as a duty that his police force is at the call of Ford's murderous henchmen of Dearborn, Murphy assured me that he did for Detroit just what Norman Thomas did for New York. And for once, he was right.

Through its elaborate espionage system, the Detroit Employers Association—Big Business itself—sufficiently grasped the seriousness of the situation to call a secret meeting Tuesday night. There was a tumultuous three-hour session and the die-hards were in evidence, but more flexible minds prevailed. They concluded that the shooting of unemployed marchers was impossible to defend outright, and that the safest policy was to drop the red herring and consider the march as one of honest American workingmen who had been the victims of precipitate action. The newspapers were called in and informed of the change of policy, and next day all four papers carried editorials deploring the shooting of innocent workmen.

The most astounding and abject volte-face was made by Hearst's *Times*, the only paper which had previously commented editorially, and that had been concerning "Harry Bennett's Courage." This paper, which but the day before had slobbered over the (doubtful) fact that Harry Bennett had not used a machine gun or tear gas projector, now said:

"Someone, it is now admitted, blundered in the handling of the throng of hunger marchers that sought to present petitions at the Ford plant in River Rouge.

"When the Dearborn police, the representatives of the established order, precipitate violence, they inflict terrible damage on the entire community. The killing of obscure workingmen, innocent of any crime, is a blow directed at the very heart of American institutions. Martyrdom gives life and spirit to any cause."

Now the prosecutor, too, began dancing to the tune, awkwardly enough, considering what was hanging to his skirts. Twenty-four hours before, Toy had been instituting a nation-wide man-hunt for Foster, Goetz and Schmies, asserting that the evidence showed intent to riot, and designating the grand jury probe as one to curb Communist activities and convict the leaders of the march of at least criminal syndicalism, if not of murder. Now he declared "The investigation may involve all Communist activities in Detroit, but it will be primarily concerned in fixing the responsibility for the shooting." When I suggested a contradiction between the two days' statements to Toy's assistant, Culehan, he said: "Oh, the first day's were not official statements of the prosecutor, it was just his conversations with the reporters."

Mr. Culehan, however, in the midst of protesting the impartiality of the prosecutor's office, was so injudicious as to lose his temper and to shout at me: "I'll tell you how I feel, and I don't care who knows it. The only thing I'm sorry for is that the officers didn't kill a few more before it was over."

So from now on, all respectable Detroit was either, like the prosecutor, in a state of judicial suspense, or, like the newspapers, deplored the unfortunate shooting of innocent workmen. With two minor exceptions.

One was the Detroit *Saturday Night*, a fantastically reactionary weekly which represents the few elect who can show two generations untouched by trade: this sheet flayed the newspapers for backing down and the authorities for "coddling the Reds," warned that "the Communist Party has armed large groups of Negroes," and published a cartoon depicting Foster phoning the news of the massacre to a bewhiskered Bolshevik who chortles: "Goot Vork."

The other exception was the speaker at the Sunday night Peoples Forum. Mr. Joseph W. Sharts, five-time Socialist candidate for governor of Ohio, and a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, said:

"When I am put down into my grave I will be thankful that no one will say, there is the damnable scoundrel who influenced me into this attempt to riot against law and order."

Mr. Sharts also announced that he would "much prefer to engage in a nationalist war than in a class war against my fellow countrymen."

"Whatever you may think of Murphy," someone close to him told me, "he has an extraordinary instinct for knowing how people



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out there are feeling." "My goodness," cried Murphy, "these business people of Detroit don't know it, but there's a revolution brewing in this country. All we can do is try to make it come gradually. If you want to see what we're up against, just go to that mass meeting tonight." He proved a good prophet.

To the largest hall to be found in Detroit, came the auto workers and the working women and youth of Detroit. They filled the sixty-five hundred seats and packed the open area in the rear, then they pushed the seats together to make room for more comers, then they pressed into the aisles and the balcony and onto the platform, and when there was no more room they stood outside where they could not hear but only knew that their fellow-workers were meeting inside. When Ben Bussell called on them to avenge his brother's death by building the Auto Workers Union, I learned that the roar of the crowd is more than a figure of speech. As the workers roared their assent, and fists went up in the Communist salute, it was moving to see the many who had never before attended a demonstration, turn and watch their more seasoned neighbors saluting; and, in the salutes that followed, unfamiliarly raise their arms, each time more confidently till by the evening's end, every fist in the vast mass was raised aloft. They shouted with triumph when Al Goetz appeared, for whom, presumably, the police were still scouring the nation; but they smoldered when a red flame of a girl stood stiff and tense and told how she had seen Joe York go down.

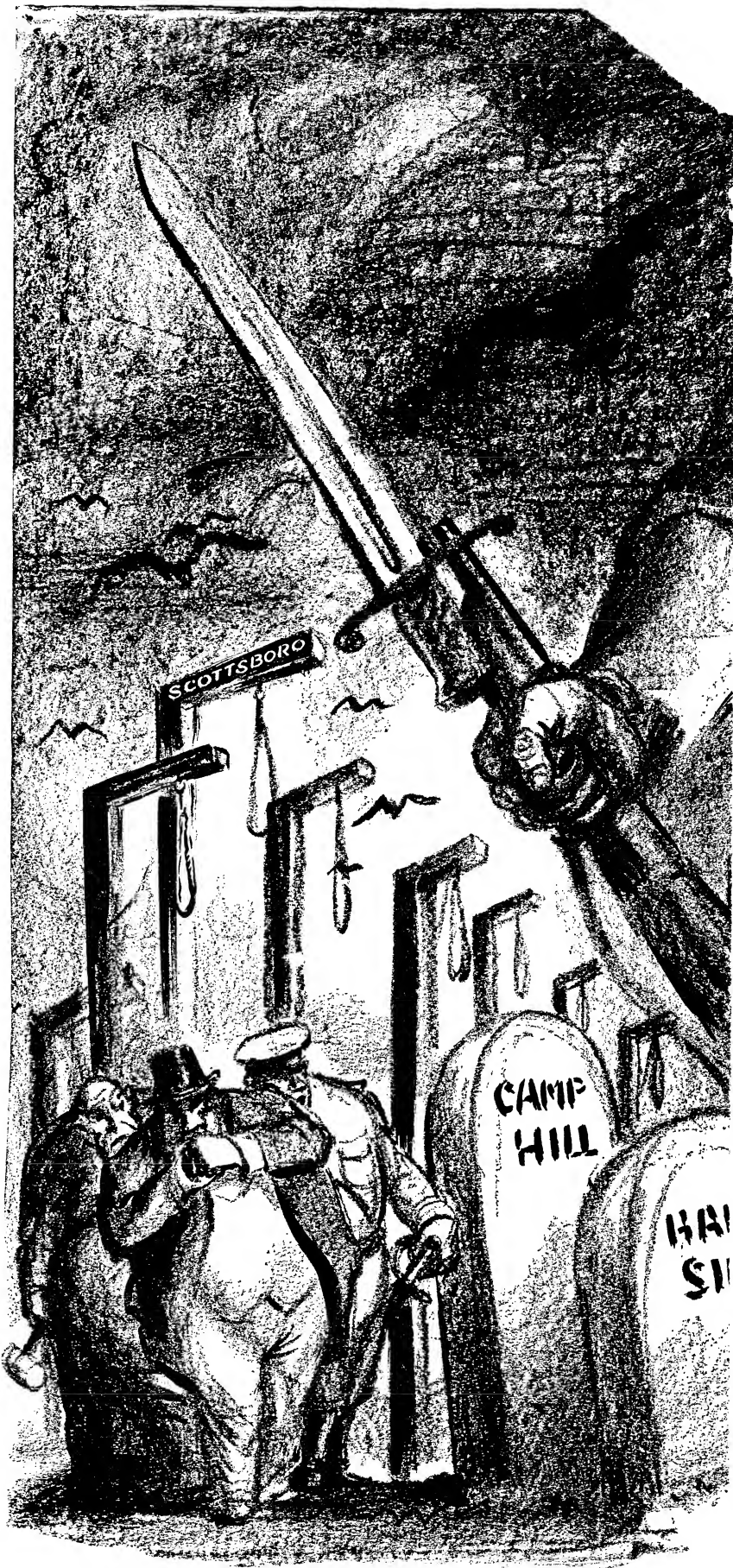
And afterward they went to Ferry Hall—the typical, dearly familiar shabby dance and meeting-hall building which is almost everywhere in America the center of the revolutionary movement—and drew up in long lines to file past the four bodies lying in state. For blocks along Ferry Avenue and down the side streets the lines stretched; late into the night the lines were still filing by for a last look at the murdered men. "Police remained at a distance."

And by eight o'clock the next morning the lines were again extended along the streets. The funeral began at two o'clock, but long before twelve those who were to march had made impassable the surrounding territory. The police who had been assigned to Ferry Hall—"only for traffic purposes," Murphy swore: "I've ordered them to hide their clubs"—were unable to get within blocks of the place, but stood at the edge of the crowd like rats nibbling at an enormous cheese. They certainly were not needed. "Proletarian discipline requires no traffic cops" said Rudolph Baker, district organizer of the Communist Party; and when the signal was given, and the Funeral March of 1905 rang out, that seemingly amorphous mass was seen to be an orderly procession, sixteen abreast.

They marched for two hours down the principal thoroughfare of Detroit. More joined them from the dense throngs on the sidewalks, at the urging of marching friends; more awaited them at Grand Circus Park where the march itself ended. Here, the marchers opened up to permit a round thousand automobiles—four of us counted them from a nearby point of vantage—to drive through the centre of the marchers, and with extraordinary speed and efficiency the cars were filled and followed the four hearses to the cemetery. Many of those who could not find places in the cars went on by street lines. The remaining ten thousand marched into the park.

Going out to the cemetery, we drove by Dearborn. The place was an armed camp. No one was permitted to get within half a mile of the Ford plant. The boundaries of this district were flooded with state troopers, Sheriff's deputies, prosecutor's armed investigators, Dearborn police, Ford guards, and hundreds of thugs dressed in overalls to look like workmen, and very ill at ease they looked in such unaccustomed clothing. Such is the mentality of Ford and his henchmen, that they were expecting the plant to be stormed; but the auto workers of Detroit were burying their dead.

We came late to the cemetery, to find the gates locked, and thousands of people trying to get in. Nearest the gate, trembling with fury, shaking her fist through the bars, was a motherly-looking Polish woman, crying in her native tongue: "You swine, you won't even let us bury them!" Those in the front of the crowd took hold of the iron gates as if they would lift them out of the ground. Cemetery officials yelled that the next gate was open; we went to look for it; it proved to be a mile off, and also closed, so back we went. That mile was crowded with bitter men and women trying to find a way in; many men climbed the high picket fence. At the first gate, I produced a press card, presented it to one of the officials, and wanted to know why he was sending the enormous crowd back and forth between the gates. "My god," he cried desperately, "I can't let any more in. There are forty thousand people in there. If we let any more in, it'll take all night for them just to walk out." My press card got me through; but



A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING AMERICA

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It was nightfall before I got within actual sight of the grave. The speakers had long finished, the four coffins had been lowered to their common resting place to the singing of the Internationale, thousands and thousands of mourners had filed by and filled the grave with red flowers, the gravediggers began to throw back into the wide chasm the displaced earth, and still the line of those who



Jacob Burck

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There the four lie in their common grave, a step from the Dearborn line, facing the beautiful silhouette of the Ford fac-

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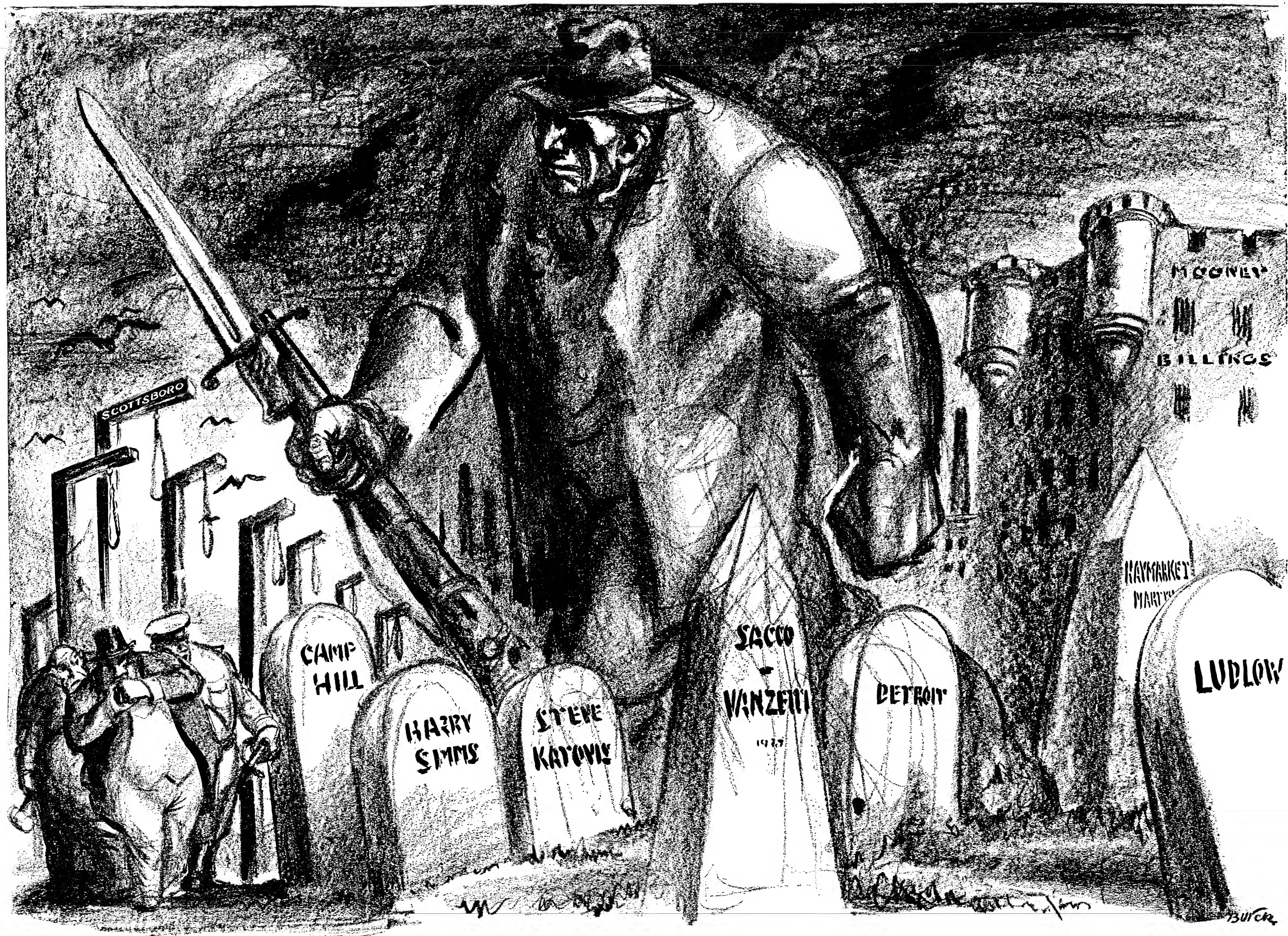
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A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING AMERICA

JACK CONROY

HE IS THOUSANDS — A Story

"Oh, get that dopey look offa your face," a fellow named Ed Marsh said to his girl. "You look like you'd bit into a quince or been weaned on a pickle. There ain't going to be no trouble: they's got to be an end of trouble sometime. Look out doors! The sun's still on the job, at least, and yesterday I saw a robin as big as life in Circus Park. The air's like spring, and I bet you the leaves will be out soon if it stays like this. They told me out at Premier Motors to come back tomorrow, and besides, the old man himself has said in the papers that he's gonna risk all he's got to bring back prosperity. Believe me, if he shoots his whole wad, something's got to break loose. I'll just ease out there bright and early, and the job is as good as mine."

"I hear the guards drive the men away from the Premier every morning," Olga insisted. "And sometimes they club them."

"Not unless they start something, they don't. By this time tomorrow, I'll be a workin' man again."

She did not answer: a man must try to work. When Ed said goodbye, the boys were playing marbles on the street corners and the air was heady and balmy. But shabby men were tramping the streets aimlessly, and a blight seemed to be over the city. The haughty limousines rolled along much the same, and the shop windows glittered like harlots lifting their skirts to entice reluctant customers with the lure of a rhinestone garter. At the mission doors, the long queues writhed like wounded snakes. Grim workers haunted the streets as though seeking something they had lost but had little hope of finding. Factory windows were dust-clouded, sad and blank as dead eyes.

Ed had not worked for over a year—since he had been laid off at Premier Motors—but somehow he had lived. Musing over it, he wondered how. The first thing to go had been his watch. He had saved a long time to buy that watch and his pocket missed its weight. Then one thing and another had been sacrificed. But the second-hand men and pawnbrokers were overstocked with the fragments of broken homes and lives and now they refused to buy anything.

In the night the wind shifted maliciously to the North, and cold stabbed through thin walls where men, women and children huddled together for warmth. But there's not much heat in a body when the last layer of fat has been consumed—as a change from food. The poor had been praying that the false spring would remain, for fuel is hard to get without money. Now they bit their blue lips, wishing for morning. Even if the cold did not abate, the sun always *looked* a little warm. Joe shivered under his single blanket and passed the night figuring what he would do with his first pay check. The landlady must have part of it, for she had been pretty good to wait so long, and he knew that the gas company had threatened to take out her meter if she didn't pay the bill next week. He had to have some shoes, too, for as he had often said of late, his soles were so thin he could stand on a dime and tell whether it was heads or tails.

But what seemed most important was the wrist watch he had promised to buy for Olga. He would be able to make the first payment.

Long before dawn, he rose and dressed. It is hard to fumble buttons with cold fingers. He took a hunk of bologna from a bureau drawer. Ravenously, he bit off a few inches, but prudence, prudence . . . Even if he got the job (but, of course, he would get it), it would be two weeks before he could draw a pay. The bologna had been pretty long to begin with, and there were two of them, bought at a chain-store special. This was the last, and it was knawed down to three inches. Ed ate skin and all, wiping off a spot of white mold on his shirt sleeve. Queer, how mold could gather in a place that cold.

Premier Motors was five miles from town, and Ed wanted to start early. The city, in the chill morning air, was a city of the dead, and there were mournful ghosts walking its streets. Shabby men, leaning against the gale, stalking down the highway toward Milltown—toward the Premier Plant. There must have been hundreds of them, obscured in the darkness by the gusts of snow. Ed heard the steady shuffle of their feet.

And panic seized him. He knew how men fought for first place in the line; how, frequently, they lay all night on the ground in the forlorn hope of being chosen in the morning. He did not realize at once that he was running past, outdistancing the other men—an endless legion.

"What's your rush, pal?" somebody shouted after him. Ashamed, he slackened to a nervous walk. There were hundreds of them ahead of him, and his heart sank.

Suddenly, outside the limits of Milltown, the marchers jammed: the men ahead must have stopped. Immediately, they began to shuffle their feet and blow on their blue hands in a wind that pierced to the bone. There was ice on the concrete, as Ed's feet could feel through the holes in his shoes. He had put the heels of his socks on top, so the holes would not be on the bottom, but new ones had worn, as holes will in old cloth. But he stood still too long, and when he lifted his foot, he left part of the skin on the pavement.

A man up ahead was speaking—a vague shape in the faint light.

"Listen, men," the speaking figure called. "What we want to do is march up to the gates and send in a couple of fellows to talk to the old man himself, if he's there. He said in the papers that he would spend everything he had to make more work for a bunch of us. Keep together, and don't lose your heads. If nobody else wants to do it, I'll go inside and talk to him—if they let me. Don't give the plant guards any excuse, or they'll probably sap some of us, or give us a bath with the fire-hose. That's what they did last year."

Inside the plant, Everet Howard was having a bad half-hour. He could hear restless movements outside, agitated challenges of the guards. The men who had marched were silent. A guard came in to say that two men from the crowd wanted to speak to Howard.

"Oh, I thing I better not," he decided nervously. "It would be establishing a bad precedent and there'll be all kinds of importunities. Business really is rotten, and perhaps it would be better for the sales department to stop issuing optimistic reports about the company's flourishing condition. Call me a gloomy gus, say I'm selling America short, but if that gang keeps increasing, they're sure to get nasty one of these times."

"Naw, naw, I know them babies,"—from John Watson, head of Premier's private police. "Guts! They ain't got none! As for their souls, I'll put the fear of God in their souls. Leave it to me to make 'em scatter and howl like a flock of scared pups."

He picked up the tear bombs from a bench, hitching his revolver holster to have it ready. He climbed into his car, and with his stamp on the starter the engine purred.

A bunch of Communists has egged them bastards on," he snarled, "but I bet I'll make that bunch cry the next time they see a Bolshevik, leave alone associating with one. Gangway! Lemme Out! LaFollette, we are here!"

A guard threw wide the huge doors, the private police outside parting to let the car pass. Watson drove straight at the shivering jobless. Some fell back. Others stood their ground. None believed the car would actually run into them. Watson thrust his head out and beckoned to the guards.

"Come on! Come on! Don't stand there and let the flies blow you! Get busy! Clear 'em off the premises!"

The car struck a man and sent him reeling. Watson threw a tear gas bomb and whipped out his revolver. When the amazed worker who had been struck by the car arose, his hands were torn and bleeding—but they held a rock.

"Oh, you bastard! You dirty, lousy bastard!" he sobbed, the tear gas rasping his lungs. The fury of months broke loose. With all his light he hurled the stone, but he was too weak to throw very hard. It crashed into the windshield and a spider-web of splinters appeared on the shatterproof glass.

The guards were dragging out a fire hose and its cold stream sent the front ranks of the jobless spinning and rolling. The instant the water struck, it froze. Ed lay spluttering on the ground: blood gushed from his nose. The men were finding rocks and



Herb Kruckman

Worker-writers! Scenes like the above are taking place daily. If you write an account of one you have witnessed, and if your description is in simple direct language and gives a clear and true picture of an eviction and what it means, New Masses will publish it.—The Editor.

cinders and hurling them at the guards. Then a sound like hail pelting a tin roof, or the roll of a drum. He lifted his head—the guards were firing steadily into the masses of men, some of the bullets striking them, others ploughing into the parked cars across the way. Watson's car had stalled against a barricade of fallen bodies, and he leaped out, racing for the protection of the building, holding his head.

"Give 'em hell," he shouted, as he sprang inside.

The pain, when he tried to rise, caught Ed's breath. So it was blood, not water, that was trickling down his belly and into his shoes. And the little hole in his coat—he had not noticed it before. Somebody grasped him under the arms and dragged him along. The police had ceased firing, for the men had no more rocks and many of them were lying still in pools of water and blood that had congealed into mush. A frail breath steamed from the blood, cooling.

From a jagged little hole in one man's arm an erratic geyser spurted—a jet that subsided to a thin dribble.

Whoever was dragging Ed dropped him, was standing, panting. And his head, he had almost lost control of it, as it rolled on his neck. So it had been Olga dragging him!

"Oh, honey!" he gasped, "You mustn't stay here. You must get away from here as fast as you can."

"I thought there would be trouble," she said quietly enough, "I came out on the bus."

"I ain't hurt bad," he lied, getting to his knees. "Let's get away from here." But his eyes were a blur and his knees buckled when he tried to stand.

"I can't see you, sweetheart," he admitted, "I can't hear you, either, honey, come closer. Something I wanted to tell you. Just about the watch. The wrist watch we saw in the window on Third Avenue. I aimed to get it for you. I aimed to get it for you for quite a spell, but you know how it is. I ain't had a cent to spare for months and months and months. I swear, I aimed to get it for you, honey, with my first pay."

It horrified her. In his numbing mind only the wrist watch ticked on. The rest was fading into silence as the clots at the corners of his mouth turned purple. The two holes in the soles of his shoes, like the vacant sockets of eyes, oozed a trickle of blood, for his shoes were full. She would not shed those or any other kind of tears.

The patrol wagons gathered up the men who were not nimble enough to escape. Watson was dashing here and there now, shouting, "Don't let any of 'em get away! Some of 'em will burn in the chair for this! They all ought to!"

"Please, please, Mr. Watson!" A newspaper man ran after him, pleading. "How many guards wounded? Any killed? I only got an hour to make the final. Please, how many killed, and how many wounded."

"They busted my head," Watson puffed. "But I counted six rioters dead and at least thirty wounded. That's all I got to tell you, son!"

"Get that jane," Watson shouted to a subordinate.

"You knew this guy?" he quizzed Olga, "I take it you're his girl friend. Then we got plenty on you, plenty. You're going to tell us who started this riot."

"He's dead now," she said, "You can't hurt him any more. But you can let him alone since he's dead."

Watson caught her arm and twisted it.

"What does anything matter? He's dead, I tell you, he's dead!" she screamed, beating Watson's chest with her free fist. "Do you hear me? He's dead, and nothing matters any more!"

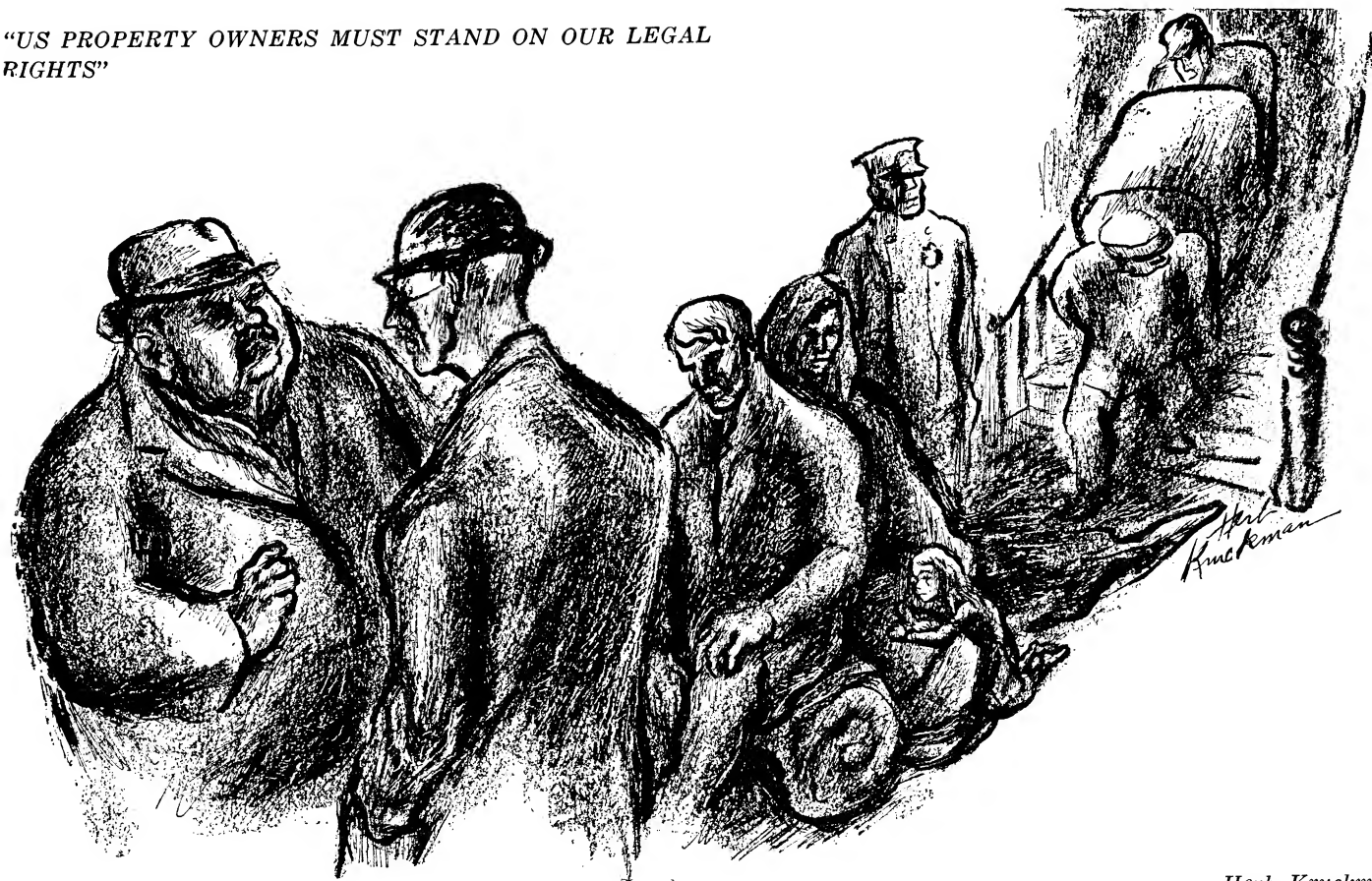
For suddenly she felt that the dead man was not only Ed Marsh, but many other things. He stood submissively in bread lines, lay row on row in flop houses, he was one, and he was thousands. And he had been a stoical gladiator before Caesar, awaiting the verdict of a capricious thumb: "*Salve atque vale, Caesar, ego moriturus te saluto.*" He was a thousand Chinese coolies with heads hacked away. He was ten thousand Egyptian slaves tearing muscles against massive stones to build the Pyramids. He was every bloated corpse that floated down the Yangtse year after year when the spring thaws sent the floods. He was a huge, patient body gnawed by lice that fattened on his flesh and sweat.

"Something does matter," she said so low that Watson could not hear her.

"Take her to the wagon," he ordered. "If she won't talk now, it'll be a pleasure to when we're finished with her."

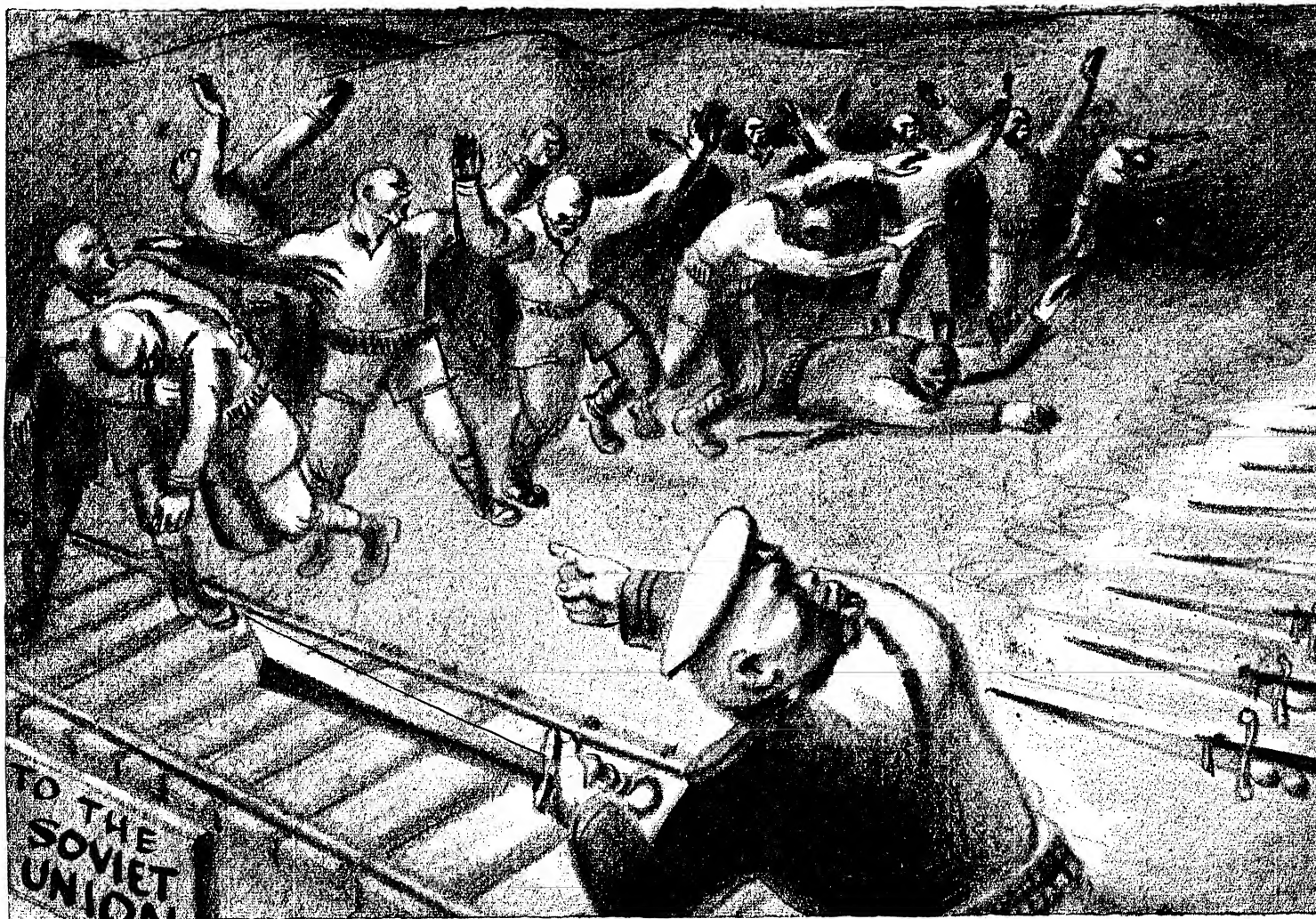
Could he have read her eyes aright, he would have known that while Olga might talk, she would never say what he expected to hear.

"US PROPERTY OWNERS MUST STAND ON OUR LEGAL RIGHTS"



Herb Kruckman

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100 JAPANESE SOLDIERS EXECUTED FOR REFUSING TO FIGHT—News Item.

Phil Bard

MOE BRAGIN

THE OPPRESSED

PRISONERS

The factory looms against the red shield of the sky with its long neck of a smokestack like a headless beast rampant. Shortly before noon, clumps of kids hang about with packages, boxes, bottles—lunch for their daddies. Seeing our Ford a few yell, "Hey, you Yanks." Soon the factory hands drift out and sit in the grass or on the curb with their food. A few creep to their homes, two-family shacks of one story—two rooms for a family. Small plots of ground with screening oleanders, elephant's ears, geraniums lik old blood.

At a stand at the end of the street one can get hamburgers. A withered old woman trots to the butcher for meat. Her crippled husband talks about the mills. Great towel center. Half the hands laid off, the rest working two days a week. Houses and stores owned by the company which has another village further up the line. He wouldn't treat a nigger the way some of the boys been treated round here. How's the mills up North?

There was the Bridgeport mill where a cousin worked. The weavers were not allowed to go home during noon. We used to pass her lunch through the barbed wire fence. The little Yiddish tailor, stricken with the stone, calling in his neighbor. A college boy should know all about diseases. He had worked in a Worcester mill owned by a Jew. "You was not supposed to speak English. You'd get too smart and make monkey business for the boss."

The cripple's son comes up in torn shoes and slit shirt. Do they

need sign painters up North? Two dusty young fellows stop, looking for a lift to Atlanta. Unemployed a whole year. The four natives talk about the railroad dick: he rides up and down the freight cars, dressed like a bum, and hails them that are out of work. When they've been induced to hop on, he nabs them. Six months in the coop . . .

The sign painter spits. "It's hard gitting away. Nobody wants to give you a hitch. They're scared stiff these days."

The taller of the millworkers watches a car roll by. "Even when you git to Atlanta if you ain't mighty careful, they'll lock you up as a bum. They want you to stick where you was born even if you starve. They want you to stick so the mills can have the pick of men for next to nothing."

The second millworker waves his hand at the clod of town under the harrow of heat. "It's a coop. They wants to keep you here a prisoner, always and a day."

"A lousy prisoner," snarls his friend, "a Jesus-to-hell lousy prisoner."

DEAD SOW

Though it is the Fourth of July, the rickety gristmill in this Southern hill village is puffing away. At the door sprawls a lanky dog spotted with flies. Inside an old farmer humped between shafts of dust and light.

The sweetish smell of crushed corn. Kernels scattered over the



100 JAPANESE SOLDIERS EXECUTED FOR REFUSING TO FIGHT—News Item.

Phil Bard

floor like teeth. The sheller looks like the chest of a skeleton.

"Holiday," mumbles the old man. "Us farmers ain't never got holidays. We got to work Sundays on what some folks calls the Lord's Day. We got to work. We got to work or we wouldn't have enough cornmeal to get under y'thumbnails."

The belt slaps. The engine puffs. The old man stumps around. His faded trousers are torn. His legs show long, discolored, stiff like the bills of ground birds.

"My boy, he come back from town with his wife and their five tarts. No work. Them big places is like hives a bear gits into. He comes back to the old place. But us farmers on these hills never had it easy fiddlin'. Hoppin' the best of our days 'tween a bag of corn and the last of the hogs. First part of the spring too much rain when the rain gives you a big stalk and a small ear. Now it's lookin' like the worse kind of dry spell when the corn screws round and gives a small stalk and a horse ear. All about left us folks is keep jiggin' till the string snaps."

The engine stops. The hound flaps his ears against the flies. The old farmer ruffs the sweat off his lean face. He braces himself and heaves the bag to his back.

Further down on the opposite side of the rutted road stands the barn-like Baptist Church. "They was prayin' there last Sunday for good weather and shoo away bad times. To the Lord. They're all twisted up, don't know where to turn. This prayin' is sending' shoats to suck a dead sow. A dead sow been dead no little while."

He plants his feet firmly on the ground. He crawls up the road over the hill, under a gray hot sky the color of a great grinding stone.

LOST

The road curls between forests of longleaf pine and the silent Gulf of Mexico. The chief industry in this part of Mississippi used to be lumbering. Smoke from only one sawmill, working part time, hangs like crepe in the heavy air. The heat is intense, the light needles in the eye. We stop at a gas station for shade and to wet our whistles.

A man with a jack is talking to a truck driver about a hold-up of a gas station last night several miles below. "So many fellers is out of work, they got to grab a penny somehow. . . ."

Inside, we order sodapop from a young woman with a long lifeless face. She is the wife of the man with the jack. Lucky we didn't stop yesterday because the place was locked. They left it, pigs and all, glad to run away. The man having been promised a job on the road—two and a quarter dollars a day. Somebody else was given the job.

We remember we need gas and oil. She is sorry. They're waiting for both to come. For a moment her face puckers and wets as if forked out of a bitter pickle. She asks how far we are going.

The man with the jack continues talking. It's about his father who's worked in a sawmill thirty years. Edgeman. The boss used to say he'd never seen or heard of an edgeman good as he. Could save lumber where no other man could see how it could be saved. Could make two two by sixes where any other edgeman could make only one. Why, seemed he could make a two by four out of the clear air. Now he's laid off. Christ Himself don't know when they'll start a-working again. No use trying farming round here. Poor old cuss feels like a fish out of water . . . kindly lost . . .

Three small scabby pigs push among the sand and dead weeds. Their pen is an old box fallen on its side with ICE painted on it. While the man drones they root feverishly and helplessly, squealing now and then as if they are hunting tits lost in the earth.

Intellectuals!

War is here!

Demonstrate in the streets against imperialist war on

MAY DAY

Meet at the John Reed Club, 63 West 15th Street.

Watch the *Daily Worker* for instructions!

HAYMARKET

*Sunrise to sunset bondage, that was our portion,
we rose to refute it: 8 hours of labor,
8 to rest from labor and 8 for the pleasantries,
solace, enlightenment, with friend or in family.
We asked for the kettle and the lamp at evening,
a chair in the corner, a pipe and the homage
of simple affection. We struck for an hour of sun:
6 workers . . . murdered . . . by the Haverster Trust.
Out to the Haymarket! proclaim against murder.
Into the mass of workers protesting,
the burst of a bomb, four workers slain—
by McCormick the Reaper!*

*Don now the robe and the periwig,
master of provocation, Pinkerton of prey,
the law is the nuance of murder.
Slander the murdered, libel the dead,
burden your guilt on the innocent dead,
sort out the men who asked for an hour of sun,
call them "barbarians," you who have murdered,
bind them, imprison men of the people,
send to the gallows, remember that May!*

*Voices well, cordial their resonance,
far is it heard, returning the May song,
memorial answer: There is no lapse,
only replenishment, urging new motion,
gathering impetus, further momentum,
fury well-ordered, securely ascendant.
Green are the Haymarket graves.*

*Masters of provocation, Pinkertons of prey,
O "Board of Trade men, merchant princes,
railroad kings and factory lords,"
balance your ledgers and take your rewards,
these are the days of liquidation!*

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

BIOGRAPHY

For those who want to know:

His name was Harry Simms,

His name was Joe York,

His name was a thousand names.

For those who want to know:

No flowers were round his bed when he was born,

There sang no morning stars.

Suckled on poverty, schooled in mine and mill,

He would never make good, he was

A worker's kid.

*When he organized, when he spoke at meetings, when he led
the hunger march, the picket line,*

He was a Red, a Bolshevik, a dirty foreigner.

*How many bullets would it take to make him a 100-percent
American?*

Remember this, you who killed him:

*deputy thug, sheriff, chief of, police, mayor,
governor, President, Ford, Mellon, Rockefeller—
all you who fired the shot:*

He is not one, but many,

He is a thousand, a million, a hundred million.

His name is written in factory smoke,

His life in strike leaflets,

*His face marches on picketlines from coast to coast,
from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.*

*You who fired the shot, who hounded and killed him in
a thousand cities:*

His epitaph is in today's and tomorrow's struggle,

His tombstone—

A million implacable fists.

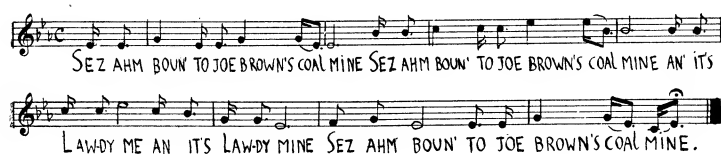
A. B. MAGIL

Lawrence Gellert

Negro Songs of Protest

Near Augusta, Ga., I hung around a chain gang for days. One of the Negro convicts somehow aroused the wrath of the guards. Two of them went for him, pummelled and kicked him until he lay still and bleeding on the ground. "Isn't there a law of some kind against a guard beating a prisoner?" I asked a third guard lolling on the grass beside me, watching the proceedings. "Hell", he answered, "There ain' no laws for niggers. We has to use our own good judgment." And he showed me the horrible abrasions and ring sores brass knuckles had caused in the exercise of his "good judgment." "We ain' 'lowed to use no whips no more," he explained.

Among others the gang sang, was this lugubrious chant. Joe Brown's coal mine, I learned, uses mostly convict labor leased from the State. Could learn nothing about it beyond it was notorious for the ill treatment of workers. And was located somewhere in Virginia.



Sez ahm boun' to Joe Brown's coal mine
Sez ahm boun' to Joe Brown's coal mine
An' it's Lawdy me an' it's Lawdy mine
Sez ahm boun' to Joe Brown's coal mine

Sez ahm goin' ef ah don' stay long
Sez ahm goin' ef ah don' stay long
An' it's Oh me, an' it's Oh mine
Sez ahm goin' ef ah don' stay long

Dat's the train dat ah leave heah on
Dat's the train dat ah leave heah on
An' it's ho. ho me, an' it's ho ho mine
Dat's the train dat ah leave heah on

Sez ahm boun' to dat Sundown job
Sez ahm boun' to dat Sundown job
Sez ahm boun' to dat Sundown job
Ah rob no train an' ah kill no man

A County jail in South Carolina. Obliging Warden. "Sure you can visit the niggers. Stay as long as you can stand it. Me? I never go there unless I can't help myself." No wonder. 102 in the shade outside. Yet the windows are jammed shut. And so filthy you can't see through them. Corridors strewn with filth of weeks' accumulation. Mingled heat, urine, body sweat and garbage—stench of the lion house at the zoo. Only more so. Five convicts to a cell 6x6. They're stripped naked. Stretched listlessly on tiered iron bunks. Or dirty pallets on the floor. Tongues loll out of their mouths. Like dogs panting.

I did stay as long as I could stand it. A half hour later my visit ended in a wild rush for the wide open spaces. Just too late. I puked all over the stairs on the way out. This is one of the songs I brought away with me.

Work all de Summer
Work all de Fall
Gonna make dis Chris'mas
In mah overhall

Got any cawn bread
Cawn bread save me some
Got any cawn bread
Buddy won' you save me some



Don' min' de weather
So de win' don' blow
Don' min' dese chains
So de ball don' grow

Way far f'om home
Wit hammer in mah han'
Ahm so tire' hammerin'
Ah cain' stan'

Don' let dat gator
Gator beat you to de pon'
Jes' be moah trouble
An' de day be long

Ah feels mah Hell arisin'
Six feet a day
Lawd ef it keep arisin'
Gwine wash dis damn lan' 'way

HOOVER OFFERS MEDAL TO
VALLEE FOR PROSPERITY—
News Item.



A. Birnbaum.

When the croon comes over the crisis,
Depression flies off like a dove.
How nice is the dream of high prices,
Low wage is confession of love.
Eviction makes vagabond lover
For Morgan and Mellon and Hoover,
Herb would be president twice.
When the croon comes over the crisis,
Wage-slices are sugar and spice.

HAP

John Kwait

The New Architecture

The recent exhibition of architecture at the Museum of Modern Art (New York) is surely the most important in its history. Perhaps some of the shows of French painting were artistically better, but they cannot have the same social importance. The buildings are more than designs or spectacles; they are a social program and a necessary part of a new society. The intentions of the most advanced architects imply a social revolution, even when the architects themselves are conservative or ignorant of basic facts. In claiming the social relevance of building, in affirming in projects and books the public responsibilities of the architect and the need for communal enterprise, these bolder architects anticipate the style of a Socialist Republic. In a field dominated by traditional, wasteful procedures, by sentimentality, by class pretension in the aping of old aristocracies, they have created a method which is insistently technical, unsentimental, and alive to everyday human needs. They have provided the indispensable technique and esthetic of a Socialist community in shifting the attention of architects from the decoration of individual facades to the hygienic, practical planning of whole cities. We can understand why its enemies have called the new architecture the "Trojan horse of Bolshevism" and why it is the favored art of Soviet planners.

Its artistic characters are appropriate to such ideals. They show us how forms and uses are inseparable in styles of architecture.* The older styles are massive, weighted, with accented, fixed proportions; their surfaces are heavily ornamented, and the whole meaning of the building and its decoration is bound up with ideas of individual power, authority, permanence, wealth, or varying religious doctrines. The temple or private palace is the chief subject or model of great building. The new style, which is in its very infancy, although the culmination of a long growth, corresponds to the gradual laicizing or socializing of architecture. It is the first style which has tended to be international, classless and practical. It has made the perfect utilitarian, industrial building the model of all building, whether domestic or civil, or even religious. It is the style of frank, direct artists who demand an experimental, informal, flexible architecture.

Probably this style, which is still little known in America and is regarded by academic architects as too practical to be artistic, will become the dominant manner of building. For its technique accords too well with the inevitable modern tendency to mass-production and large-scale projects. If the style was generated by individuals without thought of such a motive, nonetheless, we recognize its root in the commercialization of architecture in the 19th century, which gradually imposed a more practical technique and the use of cheaper materials. We detect also its relation to a bourgeois culture in which the factory and the machine became esthetic symbols and the city dwelling acquired the architectural importance of the chateau or temple. These forces do not themselves explain the emergence of the new style; they simply indicate those conditions which assured its growth and its fashionable success.

The technical, esthetic form is not enough to ensure the social value of this architecture. For like any technique this one may be used for good or evil. Without the will to apply it for a common end, this style, which has grown out of industrial society, will remain a means of exploitation, or the newest fad of the richest class, the symbol of a profitable, spectacular efficiency. In the 19th century the rebuilding of cities only transplanted, rather than eradicated slums. It imposed on the worker the burdens of financial speculation in housing; it gave him at times the pretense of ownership, which unfitted him for collective action. To-day the improvement of building by new techniques of mass-production may increase the chaos of unemployment, since the architects foresee a factory-made house of standard parts, easily assembled, dispensing with the great corps of workers—masons, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, plumbers and electricians—who

* The simple, splendid palace designed for the League of Nations by one of the leaders of the new movement in architecture, Le Corbusier, was rejected because it was too practical, not sufficiently ornamented and palatial, even though his was the only superior design that respected the landscape and fell within the financial limits of the project. It was the choice of the technicians, but the award was refused him on a treacherous technicality (he did not use the proper inking) and given to an influential French academician whose ponderously grandiose plans were impractical and far exceeded the allotted cost. The whole incident is in the style of the League of Nations.

now live on building. The technical advance and cheapening of production cannot raise the standards of more than that small group which is well-paid and saves money. It cannot touch the poor majority, whose need of proper housing is most desperate. Only a Socialist community can rebuild the city from the very center.

It is very much to the credit of Mr. Mumford that in the catalogue of the exhibition he insisted on this aspect of housing and stated clearly that "the alternative for this group is either an economic revolution, which will raise their real wages, or a public subsidy, which will supply the difference between what they can afford to pay in renting or purchasing a house and what they must pay. There is no third way." The catalogue was no place to demonstrate the weakness of public subsidy or any such compromising and incomplete method. But at a meeting of architects, a symposium for the discussion of the new architecture, held at the Museum, one evening (February 19) during the exhibition, Mr. Mumford concluded his opening speech, in which he had denounced the indifference of American architects to the elementary human needs in housing, and the shameful concealment of wretched tenements and single houses behind the frippery of imitated, once aristocratic ornaments, by telling them that if they wished to build well they must build as if for a Communist government.

The applause which followed was only the formal greeting of an invited speaker by gentlemen-architects, not an acceptance of his views. Only one architect of Communist sympathies took up his view and observed that without a Communist society one could not build *as if* for a Communist state. But this challenge was not met except for some inanities on architecture and "politics" by Mr. Howe, who in a later speech recited in long words, and what sounded much like the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States, a written account of his own conversion to "modernism" in architecture. This discussion was soon closed. Mr. Wright made an honest, ineffectual appeal to the wrong people for social planning, and the symposium turned to questions of nomenclature, origins and schools of architecture.

We must not forget Mr. Raymond Hood's long Rotarian address, in which he alluded frequently to the excellent quality of the meal he had just left and to his sorrow in having to exchange such pleasures for mere talk on architecture.

The newspapers, in reporting this meeting, mentioned Mr. Hood, but said nothing of the only speech which touched fundamentals. There is no need to comment on this silence. We are only convinced that despite all the talk about housing and city-planning, and the reform of society by better dwellings—which do not in the least change the relation of boss and worker—the liberal architects cannot think their ideal through to its last conclusion, that they will not even undertake to discuss the basis of their whole activity, that they remain ultimately the highly-paid employees of realtors and builders or are themselves small businessmen with a stake in the common exploitation. If you doubt it, listen to the speaker from the profession who introduces the symposium on housing in the current number (March 1932) of the Architectural Forum.

"With the cessation of effective demand on the part of the 'class' (his quotes,—he means 'classy') population, and with seemingly more than an adequate number of houses for the income groups, the building industry has been forced to seek a new field . . . The manufacturer now finds in housing the potential market for unheard of quantities of his materials. The financier sees the possibility of investing funds in securities that will be stable and secure and that will produce an adequate yield (if he is not too perturbed at the thought of the effect which new housing construction will have on the value of existing properties on which he has perhaps loaned just a little too much for safety). The realtor contemplates the possibility of assembling whole blocks in cities and whole sections of property for a large-scale operation, and the stabilizing of neighborhood value."

The author does not forget the "social benefits" of housing and the statuesque lingo of philanthropic exploitation of the public good. "Portions of this Utopian visualization" he says, "are possible of accomplishment, but only through wise leadership, proper technical direction and sincere organized cooperation." If there is this "great opportunity . . . why do they not go ahead with it? The obvious answer is 'Because there was no money in it'; and that is still the reply of the majority of architects, builders, bankers, et al. But perhaps there is money in it after all, and some of the wise minority may soon prove it."

BOOKS

The Gnats and Dreiser

Tragic America, by Theodore Dreiser. Liveright. \$2.00.

Dreiser throughout his literary career has grasped for values other than those maintained by dominant class interests. He has documented, through the characters of his novels, the shallowness and surface nature of personal behavior in a society in which life is inept because capitalism has failed to give it sufficient purpose. But in his novels, and in his autobiographic studies as well, the mood conveyed is that men are victims of an inexorable fate; in them he never made his readers feel that the masses have the power to transform the society that dwarfs them.

Dreiser's visit to the Soviet Union marked a significant change in his intellectual outlook. For although he failed to orientate himself completely to a society in which individualistic *laissez-faire* attitude had been replaced by Socialistic principles and objectives, he was impressed by the fact that these Socialistic values were enriching the lives of the masses in an incomparable manner by removing exploitation and its degrading consequences. He has since participated as an advocate of the workers against capitalist oppression; he has not only given the weight of his name to committees fighting for the defense of political prisoners but he has demonstrated through his investigating trips into the Pennsylvania and Kentucky coalfields where coal operators' terror prevailed against striking miners and their sympathizers, that his interest is not merely verbal. His experiences on these trips have stimulated him to supplement his personal observations through research and to publish this book as an expose of the functioning of capitalism in America. In it he describes the conditions under which the masses live and work, the control of the government and the courts by a few banks and corporations in whose hands the wealth of America is concentrated, the scandalous history of how this wealth was acquired by corporation greed, the terror and coercion that is employed that this concentration of wealth may continue, the perfidious role of the churches and charity agencies and the use of the schools and the press by capitalists to debase the workers mentally. As could be expected the capitalist press has sought to discredit the book by disparagement and ridicule; the two leading Sunday book review sections carried caricatures of Dreiser as illustrations accompanying the caviling reviews by Stuart Chase and Simeon Strunsky, who became as squeamish as Oxford dons in their search for inaccuracies, the number and importance of which they exaggerated. Norman Thomas also used the same tactic in an attempt to destroy confidence in Dreiser's research qualifications thus undermining faith in the value of the book's conclusions. The book actually teems with pertinent, verifiable data gleaned from reliable sources with which most of Dreiser's readers are unacquainted, and comprises a damning indictment of capitalist dominated, and thus tragic, America.

Yet Dreiser has not written an effective book. Facetious banter which he interjects in an effort to popularize his subject, and his awkward style, obscure the significant material which the book contains. But from a Communist point of view there are far more grievous errors in the book than Dreiser's failure to marshal and present his facts with proper clarity. In spite of his declaration of sympathy with Communist principles, he fails at times clearly to grasp them. He manifests repeatedly the liberal fallacy that the use of the American government by the capitalist class is merely an abuse of the "ideals of the Republic" which the "framers of the Constitution never contemplated." Disregarding all the evidence which he presents indicating the control of the federal government by corporations, he naively advocates that "all police used to supervise strike conditions anywhere . . . should be directed by our national government only and receive all orders from it." (Holy shades of the Pullman strike and other strikes broken by federal troops!) In his discussion of religion he is similarly inconsistent; he recognizes that religion by its emphasis on resignation, as well as by the churches' overt acts, is counter-revolutionary, but he at times seems to subscribe to the Christian

Socialist blather about the need to return to the teachings of Jesus. In his discussion of labor unions, although he is vigorously critical of the officials of the American Federation of Labor, he regards them as "cabbage-heads" rather than as deliberate misleaders, and concludes in a defeatist strain that "American workers have as yet no real leaders anywhere"—thus ignoring the inspiring fights being waged by left-wing unions although he has on other occasions endorsed the leadership of these organizations.

In spite of its inadequacies this intrepid book marks an important development in the history of American letters. Dreiser by its publication offers a challenge to American artists and intellectuals awakened politically by the crisis, to declare themselves on the side of the revolutionary workers in the fierce struggles that are taking place and in the yet more bitter ones that loom ahead.

BENNETT STEVENS.

Kentucky Miners Indict

Harlan Miners Speak, Report on Terrorism in the Kentucky Coal Fields prepared by members of the National Committee of the Defense of Political Prisoners, Harcourt, Brace and Co., N. Y. C. \$2.00.

A recent circular announcing a series of radio broadcasts under the auspices of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education describes the glories of our government: "Our families and our homes are protected by government . . . our safety when we travel at home or abroad is assured by government. For the purity of the food we eat . . . we rely upon our government," and so on.

Some of this country's choicest liberals, including John Dewey, Stuart Chase and Charles A. Beard are participating in these uplifting broadcasts of civic self-righteousness, and apparently subscribe to the above-mentioned myths.

The miners of Kentucky, not possessing radios, will not be afflicted by this release of airy tripe. But the members of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners may well be excused for losing their individual or collective temper when they tune in on this stuff about "our safety when we travel." For they have been travelling a little themselves recently. And in their journeys through the domain of coal, controlled by New York and Chicago capitalists, they have been obstructed, resisted and attacked by our government on every possible and impossible occasion. They have learned, if they did not suspect it before, that in Kentucky, as in every other part of this vast capitalist jungle known as the United States, government, whether represented by army generals or the most scurvy local constable, exists for the purpose of defending property rights and the class position of the capitalists. And the "law" invariably operates against those who oppose the capitalist class regardless of the number of so-called constitutional rights violated in the process.

Harlan Miners Speak is just a page or two out of the extensive and mostly unwritten record of these bloody violations so characteristic of capitalism whether it shows its violent countenance in the back hollows of Harlan County or at the front door of massacre-monger Ford, the Mussolini of Highland Park. It is cold and concrete evidence that the liberals who draw distinctions between clean capitalists and unclean capitalists are conscious liars.

This book is what might be called the official record of two attempts—and it deals chiefly with the first—by nationally known writers to help the heroic Kentucky miners fighting against starvation under the banner of the National Miners Union, fed by the Workers International Relief and defended by the International Labor Defense. Even the smart columnists of the New York papers who have read this record have been slightly jarred from their unusual complacency by the unimpeachable evidence in the volume on starvation, Red Cross discrimination, company store cheatings, children with pellagra, frame-up indictments, dynamiting of relief stores, sluggings and killings. Most of these capitalist columnists naturally lament the fact that Communist workers

from other mine fields were the leaders in the courageous efforts to organize, feed and defend the miners of Kentucky.

The simplicity and directness of the miners' answers to questions and their experience, told in the form of affidavits, is the most impressive feature of this eloquent book. Miner Jim Grace, for example, tells an almost incredible—if one does not know Jim—story of how gun thugs kidnapped and beat him and Tom Myerscough. Widows tell of their husbands taken out and murdered by the local agents of Wall Street. Nurses tell of starvation and diseases of children. Scores of the rank and file testify to aspects of the terror that must seem unreal and exaggerated to readers who have never been close to the class struggle. The main contribution of this book is this straight forward series of accounts of the daily lives of the workers under the terror. Listen to Aunt Molly Jackson:

"My husband is a member of the National Miners Union and I am too, and I have never stopped, brother, since I know of this work for the N. M. U. I think it is one of the greatest things that has ever come into this world."

And Donaldson, a miner, at Wallins Creek:

"The National Miners Union stands for the principles that our forefathers fought for."

Or another miner at a meeting attended by the delegation at Straight Creek, as reported by Dos Passos:

"By God, if they won't let us march under the American flag, we'll march under the red flag."

But the more or less professional writers contribute the other chapters of the book are no less effective than the miners. By their experience at this "front" of the class war these writers have been made more powerful and simple in their writings. Those who contribute are Dreiser, Lester Cohen, Dos Passos, Sherwood Anderson, Melvin Levy, Secretary of the Committee, Adelaide Walker, Assistant Secretary, Charles R. Walker, who participated in both delegations and who was largely responsible for the second one, Jessie Wakefield and Arnold Johnson, both of whom sat for weeks, held for criminal syndicalism in Harlan jail, Boris Israel and Bruce Crawford both of whom, on independent missions for newspapers, got bullets in their legs, and Anna Rochester, author of *Labor and Coal* whose long memorandum on the ownership of the Kentucky mines contributed to the authority and weight of all the delegates and delegations.

A book like this should not only shock and "astonish" the sympathizers who read it. It should spur them into some kind of action in connection with at least one of the organizations mentioned above. It should make them want to help definitely in the war that is on, of which Kentucky is only one of the more violent battles. It should make them want to pitch into active work in some branch of the movement. Those who buy this book and give it to a friend will be doing much to educate that friend; and they will also be helping the miners. For the publishers announce that all profits from its publication will be turned over for the relief of the miners and their families.

ROBERT DUNN

Beard As Patriot

The Navy: Defense or Portent? by Charles A. Beard. Harper. \$2.00

Charles A. Beard has never pretended to be a Marxian, but this latest book of his on *The Navy: Defense or Portent?* is the most complete revelation he has given of his loyalty to capitalism and capitalist United States. Twenty years ago Beard was at work on a useful analysis of the agrarian and mercantile capitalist groups which drafted the American constitution. Five years later he was saying things about the economic basis of the World War which cost him his chair at Columbia. Today he is roused against certain profit-seeking lobbies and vainglorious admirals whose method of playing the capitalist game he is showing up. Lively irony and some wrath, but a very safe book that obscures all the underlying class issues.

Like a good patriot, Beard wants an efficient navy, but he does not want public money wasted for the sake of profits on armorplate. He tries to set aside as unimportant and extreme the notion that American forces should expect to be strong enough to lick anybody anywhere. He says: "Defense of the continental United States (including Hawaii as a base) and the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine provide the criteria by which the nature and degree of our naval preparedness are to be determined in the national interest." Therefore he is greatly distressed because

navy officials have revealed an ignorance that does not match with their pretensions. He is very critical of the Navy League. It now has safely neutral-appearing directors, but it has not lived down its shady origin when steel and shipbuilding magnates (including the late J. P. Morgan) were present at the birth. The Shearer episodes are a serious blot on the national record. They showed incidentally that some steel magnates were carelessly ignorant about the use of company funds (or conveniently forgetful and ingenious on the witness stand—but Beard is too mannerly to suggest this). All this is very, very bad; it is really a menace to American national honor! So much for his main argument.

Never once in the book does Beard point the connection between such incidents as he describes and the everyday normal happenings of capitalism. He rips the whole story of the navy and armaments out of its place in the capitalist pattern. He succeeds, in fact, in discussing the big navy movement without touching on basic political theory. Except once, when he goes out of his way to cast a slur on the Marxians.

In telling how the German Navy League grew out of the personal ambitions of Von Tirpitz and other naval officers and only later was taken up by the industrial magnates who saw in the building of battleships an immediate profit to themselves, Beard says: "This close study of German naval policy furnishes hard lessons for those Marxians who think that ideas automatically arise from given economic conditions, inexorable in spirit and form."

This is an old misrepresentation of Marxian determinism. It was answered most brilliantly by Lenin years ago in his battles with the "Economists" in the Russian movement. No such rigid passive idea of determinism ever guided the theory and practice of the Bolsheviks in Russia or of the international Communist movement. If Marxians believed what Beard says we believe, no writing, no speaking, no organizing would be necessary. This is obviously absurd.

What if Von Tirpitz in Germany and Roosevelt in the United States did begin to talk big navy before the steel magnates themselves organized Navy Neagues? The class significance of an idea is shown not by its origin but by the course of its development. Does the capitalist class or the working class recognize from its own experience the value of the idea? Which class is served by its application?

Also, in emphasizing that the immediate self-interest of naval officers and of steel and shipping magnates have been chiefly responsible for the growth of navies, Beard twists out of sight the far broader capitalist class response to the big navy idea. For however much Beard may deplore it as a misrepresentation of what the United States stands for, the fact remains that most American capitalists—whether as investors, traders, or travellers—expect the navy to stand ready to defend their persons and their dollars anywhere in the world. Expansion of foreign trade and the increase in foreign investments have driven this expectation deep into the consciousness of capitalist groups far beyond any inner circle of naval officers and armorplate manufacturers. And now the possible uses of the navy against revolutionary workers, and imminence of the "unthinkable wars toward which the world crisis is driving," have further increased the capitalist response to Navy League propaganda. But all these class aspects of the situation are omitted. Beard does not recognize them as an essential part of his subject.

Yes, it is a very safe book for an author to write in capitalist America. It would never win the glory of dismissal from an American college. But the interesting facts and the nice air of indignation tend to conceal the basically reactionary nature of the argument.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

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Chain Gang Horrors

I am A Fugitive From A Georgia Chain Gang. Vanguard Press. \$2.00.

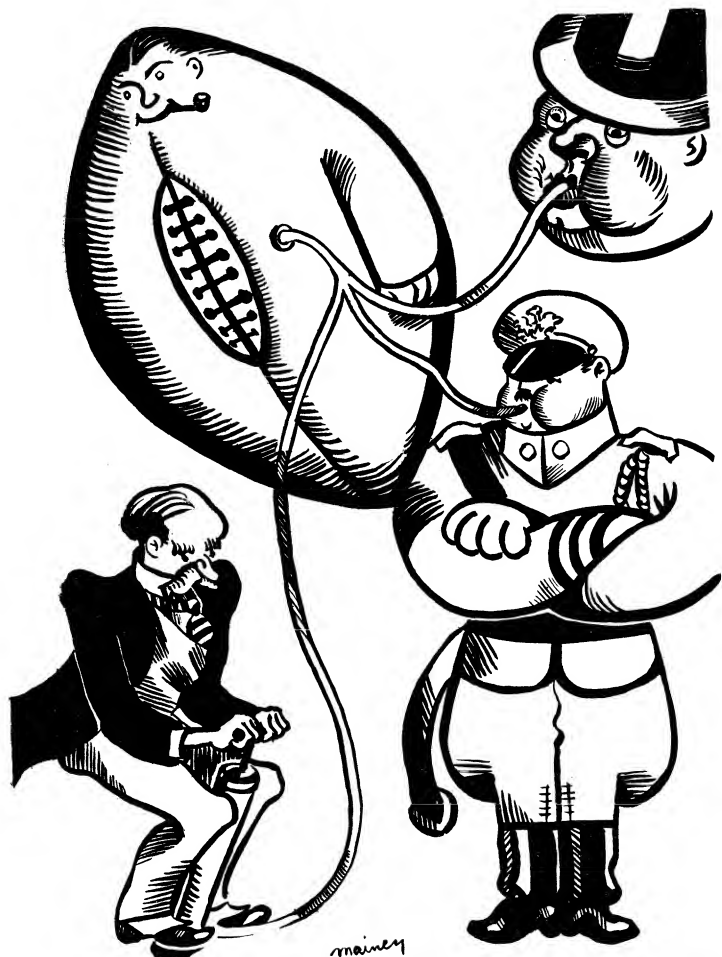
Forced labor, long hours, brutal sadistic guards, poor food, blood hounds, cursings, clubbings, shootings—in short a verification of all that has been told of the southern chain gang—is contained in a new book, *I am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang*, by Robert E. Burns, an escaped convict.

Burns comes out of the World War a mental and physical wreck. He comes with the expectation of all the good things promised the boys "fighting for democracy": but he finds that even his job was filled by another. Desperate he tramps the country vainly seeking employment and finally lands in a Salvation Army dump in Atlanta, Ga., barefoot, ragged, starving and beaten. Starvation causes him to participate in a petty robbery along with two other men. Their haul was \$5.80. All are captured and sentenced to the chain gang. Burns got from six to ten years at hard labor. Unable to stand the inhuman conditions on the gang, he escaped. Later he was betrayed and sent back to the gang. At the risk of his life he escaped again and is now a fugitive.

The story of his being sent to the gang and his experiences there makes interesting, informative reading. But Burns uses two-thirds of the book, in proving that he was far too good a man to be on a chain gang; that after his first escape he became a booster for Chicago, an editor of a business-magazine, a member of all the moronic clubs, (Lions, Kiwanis, etc.)

He does not discuss the class character of the chain gang which even capitalistic writers are forced to admit. Only workers are sent to it. Burns might much better have devoted more space to showing the two-fold character of the gang as a ruling class source of forced labor and a ruling class weapon against labor organizers and "discounted" workers, and much less to proving that he is a respectable booster.

WALTER WILSON



Mainey

*We Columbia football heroes rain
Against free speech—give US "free air".*

He Flew for Cash

I Fly For News. Larry Rue. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

A new imperialist mess, calculated to spill over into the borders of Soviet Russia is being brewed in the Far East. Within the past few weeks a new stream of dispatches about Russian atrocities has been flowing through the American press.

These are the considerations which lend interest to an unimportant volume describing a series of journalistic airplane incursions on Afghanistan and other colonial sore spots of world imperialism.

All of Rue's flights were made on assignment by Colonel McCormick, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune. The sum total of Rue's adventure's leaves the impression that the Colonel's leg men and his foreign correspondents are brothers under the skin in their inability or unwillingness to deal sincerely with the motive forces and the resultant phenomena of capitalist society.

The rowdy, half-educated city room reporter seldom shows in his writing understanding or even cognizance of the social forces behind the local occurrences of which he writes with a painfully cultivated show of professional impartiality. The cosmopolitan, well-informed, enterprising Mr. Rue praises the plumbing and the road in French Morocco but never risks one generalization about the enslavement of colonial peoples. He doesn't even take the trouble to say that they are enslaved.

Rue boasts, in passing, that he was with General Wrangel shortly before that American-owned assassin met his downfall at the hands of the Red Army.

It makes one wonder where, how, and when Mr. Rue will contribute his mite to the flood of anti-Soviet propaganda and misinformation which is beginning to rise in Berlin, Copenhagen, Bucharest, Riga.

PHILIP STERLING

A Young Proletarian

Hunger and Love, by Lionel Britton. Vanguard. \$3.00.

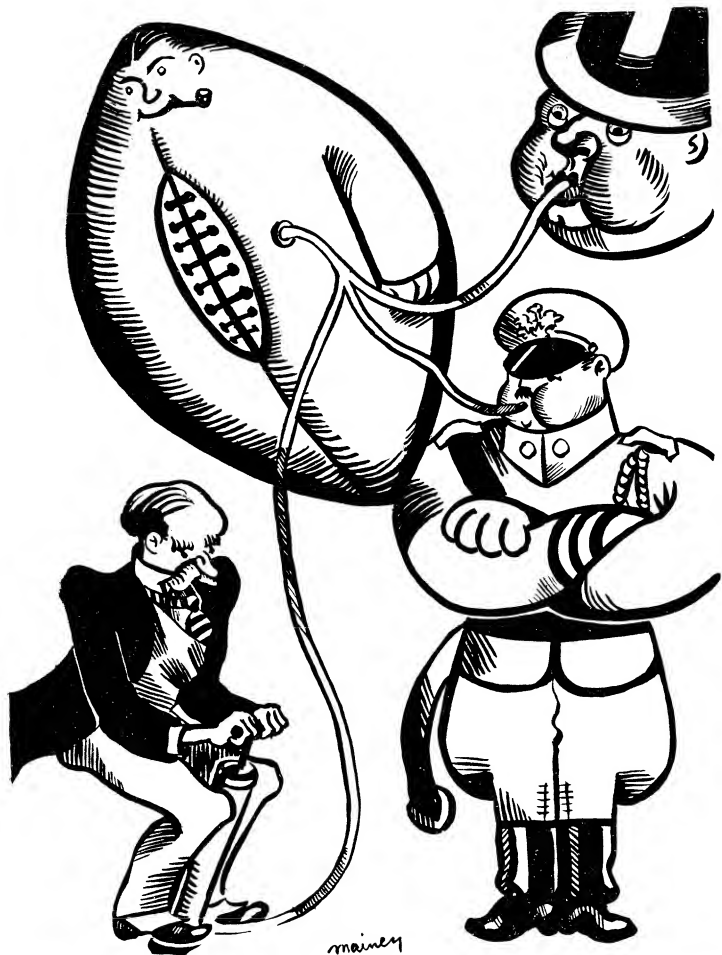
This book was published last year by Harper & Brothers, and has been re-issued this Spring by the Vanguard Press. It is the story of a young proletarian, Arthur Phelps—his physical, mental and emotional development. Chiefly, it is the story of Phelps' education in bourgeois society, but it also tells of his hunger for culture, his seeking for thought and the realities of love. Phelps emerges as a rebel, a pretty thoroughgoing Marxist, and an avowed enemy of the bourgeois order. He is forced into the War where the author says he was "lost."

The author makes his criticism of society largely through the story of the single character. But he also comments upon this character and enlarges his experience and thoughts and feelings to make them representative of "the Arthur Phelps of the world"—his class. Using English that is vigorous and racy, he bites and digs into the realities of social organization, showing just how the workers are kept from leading full, intelligent or even decent lives by the oppression of the bourgeoisie, and how their finest aspirations and hopes are frustrated through the combined forces of law, police, army and church.

The story is entirely different in form from the traditional novel. It does not move swiftly, but rather slowly and ponderously, with many digressions into the fields of science, philosophy and economics. The book is 600 pages long, and there is no doubt that it could well have been shorter. But the very mass of the book makes its cumulative effect powerful. The writing is lively and even witty at times, full of sharp satiric thrusts and sardonic comments on bourgeois stupidity. A vigorous and realistic intelligence is behind every page. I should think every one interested in revolutionary writing, or writing of any social significance whatever, would want to read it.

CLINTON SIMPSON

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CINEMA

SHANGHAI EXPRESS

The movie, being a popular art, is also a topical one. But being a popular art, its topic is distorted to the pleasure of its owners. The major topic today is the Sino-Jap war: Thunder on the east has all studios looking for Oriental stories. The motion picture "art industry" had planned a film of espionage in Manchuria. The narrative was prepared by Major Yardley, author of "The Black Chamber." International diplomacy shelved the story: Hollywood is neutral. Neutrality means impartiality—to the Chinese nationalist and Japanese imperialist. Neutrality means: find a third party to blame "... the villains must be bandits and not identified with any particular country."

*When the renegade Chiang-Kai-Shek
Chops ten thousand at the neck
Hardly skittish are the British,
Not a damn gives Uncle Sam,
It seems to please the Japanese.*

*But when the Chinese Communist
To the peasant gives the land, it
Wins for him the name of "bandit"*

"Shanghai Express" is lead off for this follow-up of slander. Into melodramatic moulds Paramount, through Field General Von Sternberg, has poured virulent counter-revolutionary sentiment. The Chinese revolutionary is an "unprincipled bandit." The "half-breed" commander has a "palace in the woods" to which he would abduct the Nordic harlot, Shanghai Lily, played by Marlene "Legs" Dietrich. He brands those he doesn't like. His conduct is never motivated by a revolutionary code; he acts upon an egoistic code of revenge.

The neutral and impartial movie reviewer will say that this film is just melodrama "artistically" done. He will not comment upon its base and baseless propaganda, a propaganda against the Chinese masses; though he did not expressly relish the propaganda in behalf of the Chinese masses which was so vitally borne by "China Express," from which Sternberg derived the title and the best technical passages of his film. The "artistry" of the Hollywood clap-trap is about as genuine as the Junker name of its director who says he hasn't a thing to learn from Europe, nevertheless swiped the lighting from the German studios, the superficial columns and billow of the *lichtspiel*. Here and there are some glib details generally more picturesque than revealing. Indeed, the entire pictorial quality of the "Shanghai Express" subscribes to the condescending appraisal of an oppressed people as "picturesque." It is supported by the Chinese "philosophy" attributed to the "rebel" or "bandit" chief: "Time and life have no meaning in China." The connotation of "rebel" is negative. It suggests petulance, rancor, unreasonableness and immaturity, never the valor, integrity, staunchness and historic validity of the revolutionary. The term is deliberate, a disparagement of the Chinese Red Army.

The alibi that the film is "just melodrama" is puerile. We assign the category according to the effect, not according to the formula. The effect is plain, and within it Sternberg's intention. Melodrama affords the absolutes of characterization that serve so unscrupulous a director as Sternberg. His actors are in a false equation. The absolutes, from having been served to the audience repeatedly, are now receptive clichés in the mind of the audience. The director does not need to establish the relationship, it is already there. All that he must do is to re-identify the digits and they become at once "authentic" numerals—unprincipled bandit, immaculate whore, etc. The "bandit" is slain by the high-caste Chinese whore—retribution! The Nordic harlot is rescued by the pinch-nosed young English doctor—scientific agent of imperialism—retribution! The strumpet's redemption is set into motion by the sanctimonious missionary—theologic agent of imperialism—retribution! Even the German dope-peddler is redeemed by pity. Everyone on the side of reaction is blessed, thrice-blessed—wholesale redemption!

The Paramount Pictures Corporation and its kept man, who "wears black shirts made by a special black-shirt maker," slandered the Russian revolutionary in "The Last Command." It repeats this proud conduct in "Shanghai Express." And on the tail of this film are to follow other equally "true" and "neutral" state-



"Blessed are the imperialist peace-makers—for they are about to attack the Soviet Union".

ments on the Sino-Jap "imbroglio." RKO is preparing a melodrama to be played against the background of war-torn China. Metro is on the bandwagon whooping it up for this 1932 version of "the yellow peril."

The answer lies with the audience of the movie, which D. W. Griffith called "the workingman's university." The movie tycoons are looking for a new audience. They cannot see that the new audience is the old audience with a new mind, a mind in advance of the reviewers and the producers. This audience can be directed to see the fraudulence of a film like "Shanghai Express." Showings of films like the Soviet pictures, "A Shanghai Document" and "China Express", profound and convincing, utilizing no "picturesqueness" and no posed frames, are themselves initial arguments against the shallowness of the American film, which has only a prejudice to inform it. The Workers' Film and Photo League through bulletins on paper and screen must instruct the film audience in the detection of Hollywood treachery.

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Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frances Strauss, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the New Masses, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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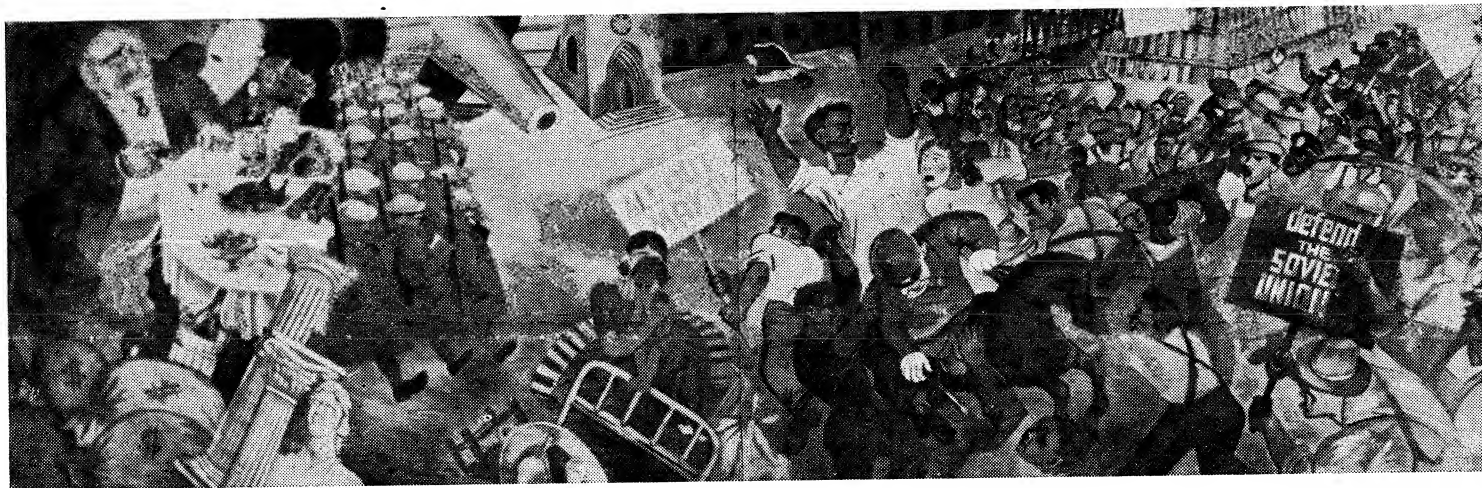
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March 1932.

FRANCES STRAUSS, Business Manager.
Wm. E. Wimpey, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

NEW MASSES



"Blessed are the imperialist peace-makers—for they are about to attack the Soviet Union".



AMERICA TODAY

John Reed Club

THE INDEPENDENTS' SHOW

16th ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society of Independent Artists, Grand Central Palace, New York City, April 1 to 14.

If you are an artist in need of clothing, a studio, a doctor, or a dentist, and if you are fortunate enough to have a \$5 membership fee, then you should exhibit at the Independents. Maybe you will be lucky and get actual offers to fill your needs. Some of the exhibitors have as many as three dentists ready to administer to them. In spite of this economic expediency, the usual abstractions in painting and sculpture are profuse. Also naked ladies and still lifes painted both in the best "academic" and "modern" manner are still very much in evidence—also a madonna or two. Some of the artists are beginning to realize the crisis on canvas as well as in the diminishing girth of their belts. On the painting by Arthur Weindorf, a huge monster in a high hat is trying to devour everybody. Another of his pictures, a worker fighting with a machine, shows his confusion. The worker has no quarrel with the machine. He wants to make it work for himself and his fellow workers, and quarrels only with its present owners over its possession. David Dorenz' "Rewards of Democracy" depicts the eviction of a worker's family very effectively. Dr. W. Avstreich shows an evicted old woman with her scanty possessions on the sidewalk. Anti-Religious sentiment finds expression in John Atkinson's "Dogma."

The large painting reproduced above painted by artists of the John Reed Club, and the decoration by Jacob Burck, also on this page, are the most clear-cut expressions of social consciousness in the entire exhibition.

Besides these, "The Tunnel Diggers" by Bertram Goodman is perhaps the outstanding achievement. A huge figure of a worker dominates the picture. His hand resting on a compressed-air drill. It is the worker conscious of his power, and the artist was able to convey that power in his vigorous, colorful work. I look forward with expectations to the future activities of this man. David Burliuk should have known better than to get involved in surrealist mysticism. The surrealists sent a delegation to the Kharkov Conference of proletarian artists

and writers. They stated that while they accept the theory of the class-struggle on the basis of Marxian dialectics, they cannot accept Marxism as a basis for their art, as art is an expression of the emotions and as such cannot have scientific principles as its basis. In other words the question of "Science versus Art" pops up—a question which is irreconcilable with proletarian art theories and practice.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS arranged by J. B. Neumann, Director of the New Art Circle, March 29 to April 23; The New School For Social Research.

Anyone familiar with the work of Benjamin Kopman will readily see that here is a person in whose work the social conditions are beginning to assert themselves. His lynching scene, a gloomy landscape with a group of the lynchers, and the bitter painting called "The Judge" are such works. Orozco's "The Dead" conveys the disintegration of the skyscrapers, symbolizing the disintegration of bourgeois civilization. Maurice Becker's "Subway", while well painted, is weak in social content.

HUGO GELLERT

DEARBORN MEMORIAL

International competition is announced for a monument to Ford's machine guns on March 7th, 1932, in the Hunger March.

Further details will be published in the *New Masses* and other organs of the revolutionary press.

WORKERS LIFE

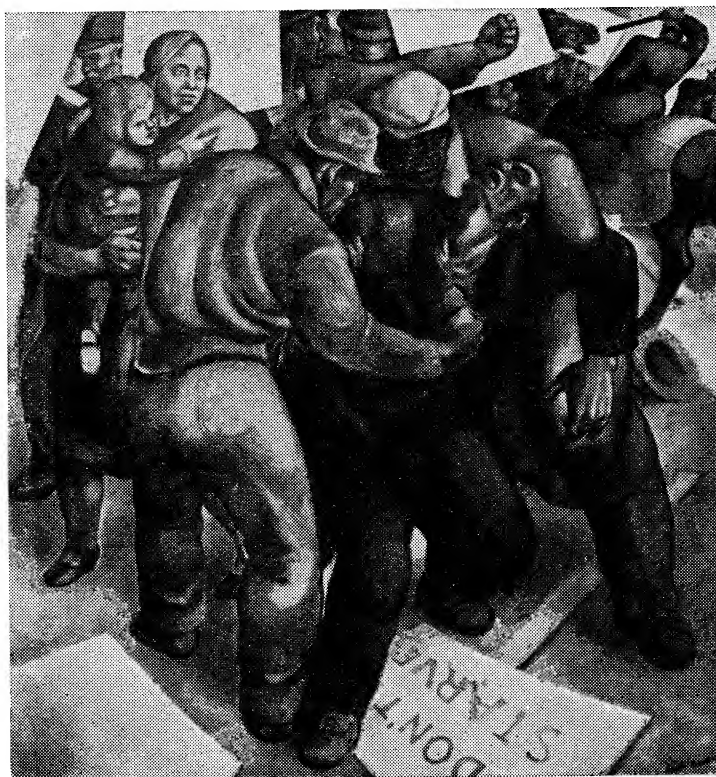
The Workers International Relief announces publication of *Workers Life*, a monthly periodical devoted to fiction, poetry, the theatre, the cinema and the dance as functions of the proletarian cultural movement. The first issue will appear in May.

INTELLECTUALS!

Demonstrate May Day against the execution of the innocent Scottsboro Negro boys!

Meet at the John Reed Club, 63 W. 15 Street.

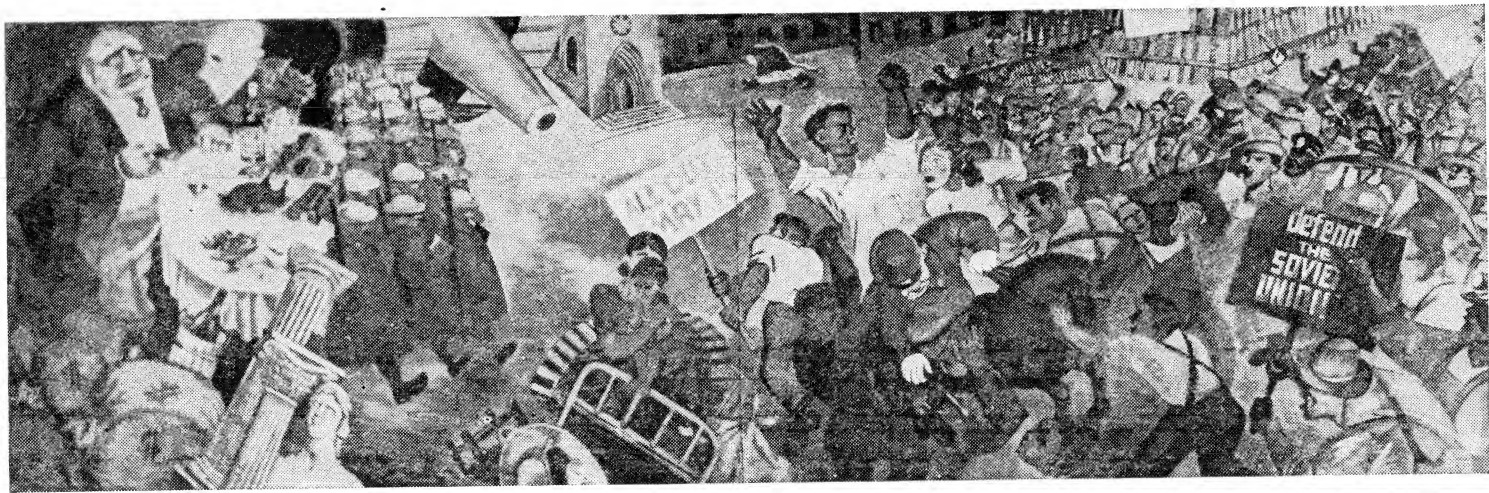
Watch the *Daily Worker* for further instructions.

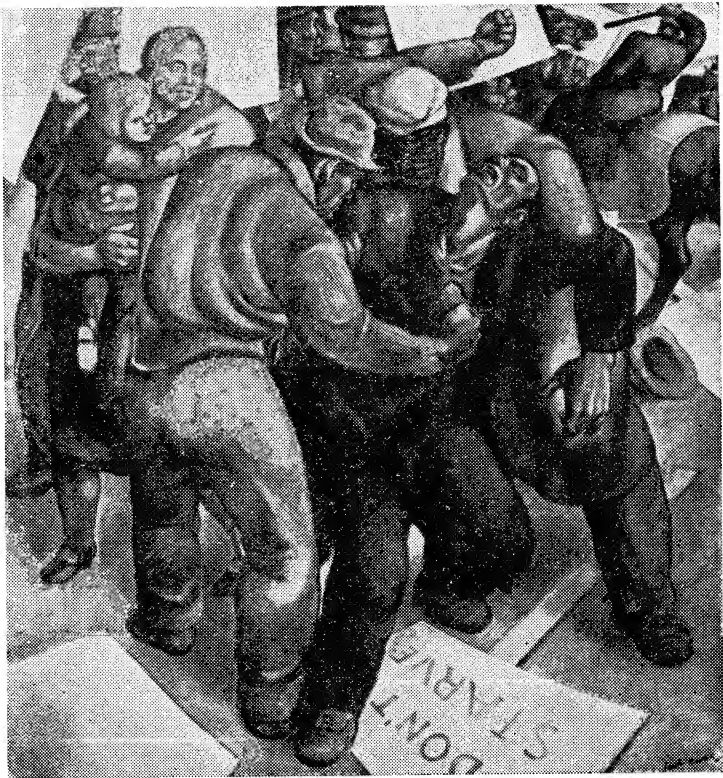


DEATH OF A COMMUNIST

Jacob Burck

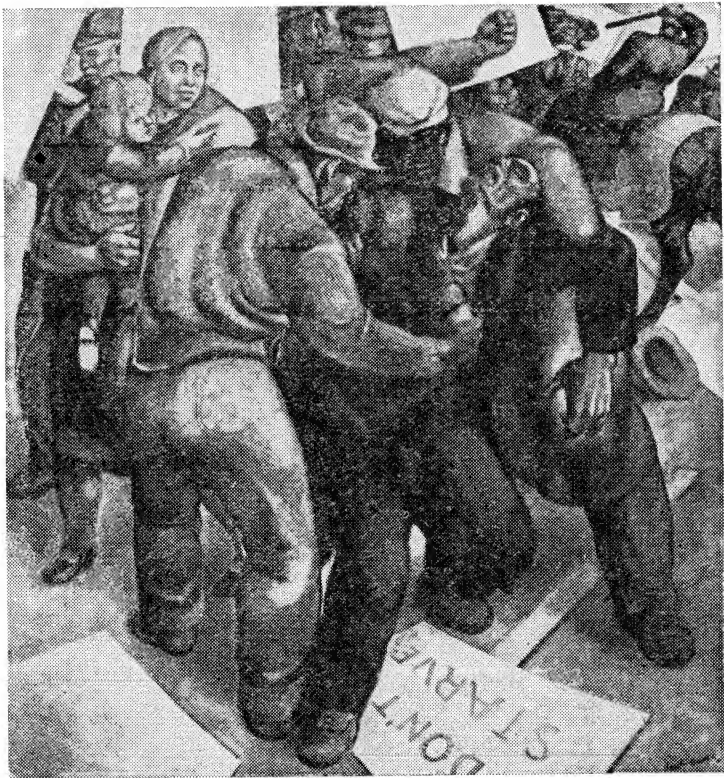






DEATH OF A COMMUNIST

Jacob Burck



DEATH OF A COMMUNIST

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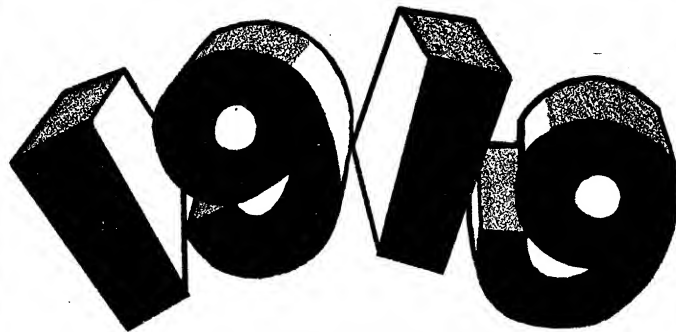
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